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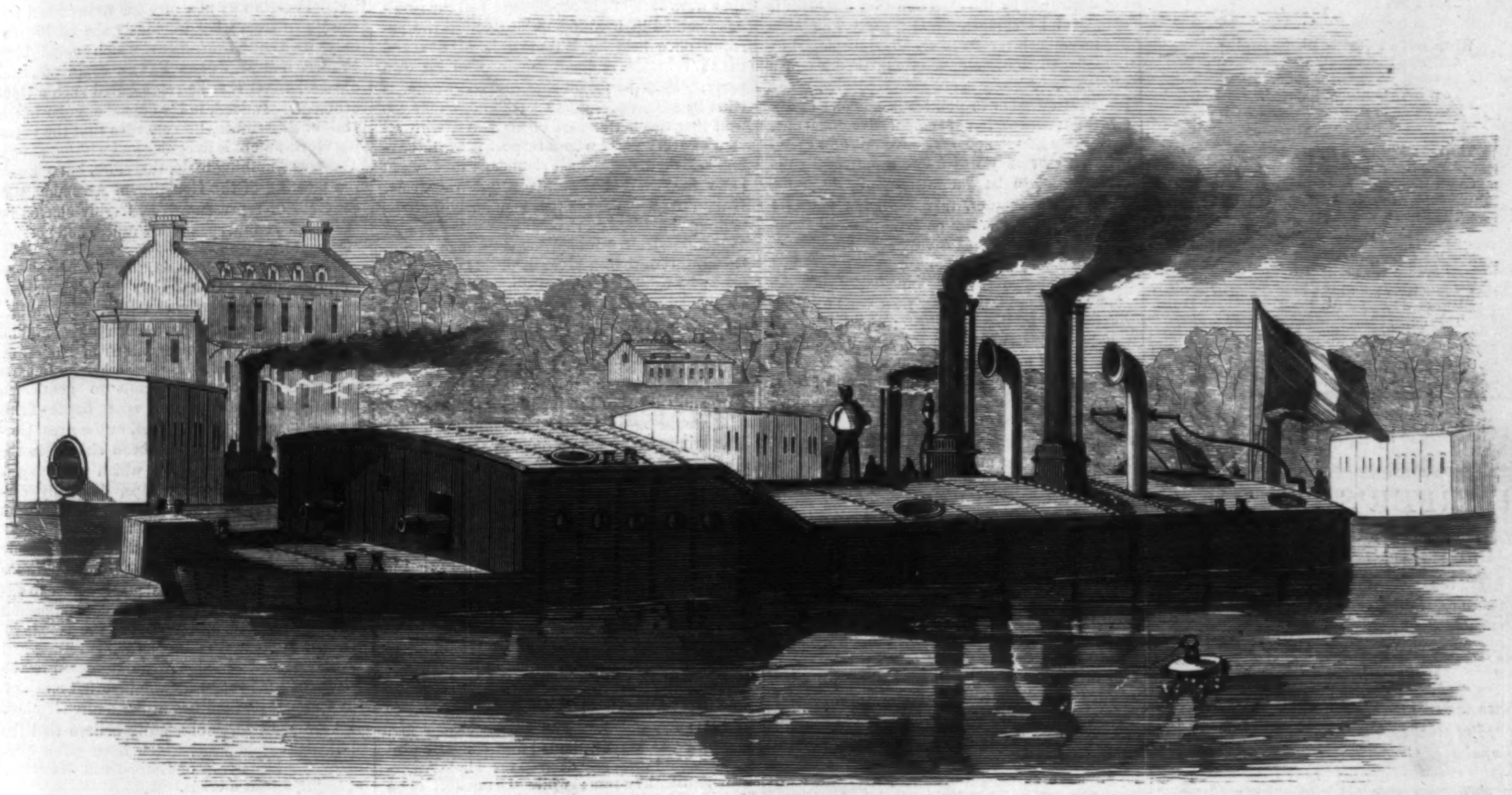
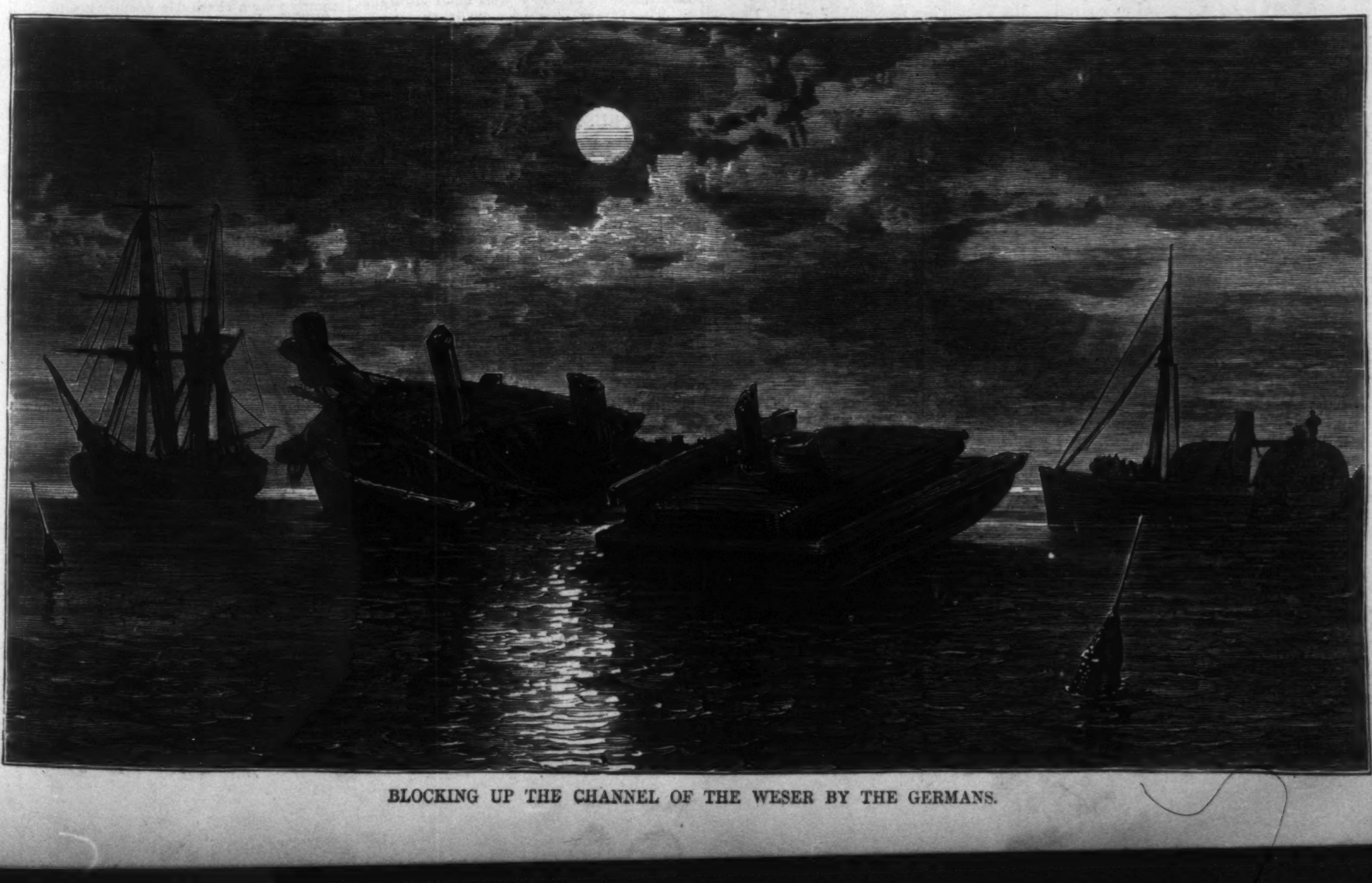


GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

The weakest side of Paris, so far as artificial fortification is concerned, would seem to be the northwest, in the wide interval between the fortress of Mount Valérien, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, and the forts about St. Denis, due north of the city. But a double reach of the Seine, in its windings around the peninsula of Combevoie, Puteaux, and Asnières, just opposite the suburbs of Neuilly and Clichy, seems to offer good natural facilities for defense. Here, below St. Cloud, there is quite a fleet of gun-boats, one of which is represented on this page. She is iron-plated, and the deck is also covered with iron. She has what a sailor would call a "forecastle," which rises above the level of the rest of the deck; and it contains two guns, which point forward on a line with the keel, with a slight training limit to each side. Having two large helms and double screw, like one of our own ferry-boats, she is intended to turn rapidly, so as to face her foes. There are six small projections on each side of the forecastle; these are probably shields covering loop-holes for musketry. These little craft may give the enemy a good deal of annoyance, but their plating is not sufficiently heavy to resist even 12-pounder shot.



BLOCKING UP THE CHANNEL OF THE WESER BY THE GERMANS.

WORN OUT.

You say that the sun is shining,
That buds are upon the trees,
That you hear the laugh of the waters,
The humming of early bees:
I am pleasured by none of these—
I am weary!

Let me alone! The silence
Is sweeter than song to me!
Dearer than Light is Darkness
To the eyes that loathe to see!
'Tis better to let me be—
I am weary!

I have faltered and fallen—
The race was but begun;
I am ashamed, and I murmur,
"Oh! that the day were done!"
How can I love the sun,
Who am weary?

What will you do for the flower
That is cut away at the root?
If the wing of the bird be broken,
What wonder the bird is mute?
Oh, peace! and no more dispute—
I am weary!

I will give you a token—
A token by which to know
When I have forgotten the trouble—
The trouble that tires me so
That I can no further go,
Being weary.

When you shall come some morning
And stand beside my bed,
And see the wonderful pallor
That over my face is spread,
Shrink not. But remember I said
I was weary.

Then shall you search my features,
But a trace you shall not see
Of all these months of sadness
That have put their mark on me;
Then know that I am free,
Who was weary.

For the Old must fall and crumble
Before we can try the New;
We must taste that the False is bitter
Before we can crave the True.
This done, there's no more to do,
Being weary.

Only to droop the eyelids,
Only to bow the head,
And to pass from those who are singing,
"Alas! for our friend is dead!"
But remember how I said,
"I am weary!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

☞ *We present to our readers, with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *a Double Page illustrated Supplement, giving*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS,

drawn and engraved by our own Artists, and prepared at great expense expressly for our Paper. The point of view is just south of Paris, on the Heights recently occupied by the Prussians, looking northward over the city. This Pictorial Map, constructed with strict regard to the accuracy of the perspective, gives a complete View of Paris with its Public Buildings, of the Seine and Marne Rivers, and of all the Fortifications.

FACTS AND PROMISES.

THE result of the elections in Maine and Vermont shows that the intelligent people of the country are not yet disposed to prefer the smooth promises of the Democratic party to the imposing and gratifying facts of Republican administration. Immediate interest in politics is undoubtedly concentrated upon the financial question. Is the administration of General GRANT honest, efficient, and economical? If that question can be satisfactorily answered, it is enough. The "splendor" of administration, indeed, which was anticipated by some persons, may not appear in the faithful and steady care of the public interest which has thus far distinguished the Presidency of GRANT. But there is something better than splendor. An elaborate article in the *North American Review* for July arraigns the administration as substantially a failure. But the article, although pointedly and effectively written, is exactly not what it assumes to be—an impartial review of the administration. It brilliantly emphasizes some of its mistakes and failures, but it carefully omits any allusion to the considerations which entitle it to public confidence.

The article of which we speak elaborately criticises, for instance, the financial management of the administration. With much that it says we are disposed to agree. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the sole aim of the Secretary of the Treasury seems to have been to pay off the national debt immediately, and without sufficient regard for other considerations and the whole situation of affairs. But, on the other hand, an administration which can show such financial results as those contained in the statement of the 5th of September from Acting-Secretary RICHARDSON, merits other mention than the indiscriminate censure which the article lavishes. The speech of Vice-President COLFAX at South Bend may also be diligently and profitably studied in illustration of the silent but most significant good work of the administration.

In brief, it appears officially that the net increase in the receipts of the government during the eighteen months from the 1st of March, 1869, to September 1, 1870, over those of the next preceding eighteen months was more than $87,000,000. The comparative decrease of expenditures during the same time was nearly $83,000,000. The whole amount gained by the increase of receipts and decrease of expenditures was thus more than $170,000,000. During the same time the interest account shows a net decrease of more than $17,000,000, while in the eighteen months of the GRANT administration the public debt has been reduced nearly $170,000,000. All this has been effected, it will be remembered, by no increase of the rate of taxation nor of the articles taxed, but while Congress has been steadily reducing taxation, about $80,000,000 having been thrown off at the last session alone. It is evident, from this statement, not only that the debt and taxation have both been reduced, but that the public money is both collected and distributed more honestly and economically.

The force of such facts, which every intelligent voter in the country can understand, is not destroyed by the assertion that the tariff is clumsy and unequal; nor is a party which has produced such results likely to be displaced by the alleged unsoundness of the theories of a secretary. A party is not judged ideally. The practical question in politics is not one of abstract excellence, but of comparative efficiency. This State and the country have not now to decide whether they will frame a perfect system of taxation, to be administered by infallible hands; but whether, taking all the facts together, the Democratic party is more likely to give us an honest and economical administration than the Republican. The alternative is very simple. If the Republicans go out, the Democrats come in. And we have no doubt whatever that nine-tenths of the intelligent people of this country would consider such a result a dire national misfortune.

It is not because the administration of General GRANT is what may be called "splendid," a word which is often applied to a policy of the most injurious national tendency, nor because it has not made mistakes, nor because all those who support it are wise or honorable men, nor because there has not been much disappointment of many kinds, that it really has the confidence of the country; but because there is a universal and profound impression—which, as we believe, the facts justify—that it has sought with stanch fidelity the public welfare, that it has aimed at an honest management of public affairs, and that it has been able to prove its economy and efficiency in those very directions in which there is the most popular concern. No truly patriotic or thoughtful citizen is likely to carry his criticism of certain details of Republican administration to the point of conniving at the success of a party identified with electoral frauds, with the mad extravagance of New York municipal government, which denies the validity of the new constitutional amendments, and would tear open every question which the war ought finally to have settled. The elections in Maine and Vermont prove that the public judgment of the two parties is virtually unchanged.

MR. TWEED'S NOMINATION.

MR. TWEED has renominated as the Democratic Governor of the State MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, the gentleman who signed Mr. TWEED's Erie bill, by which the stockholders of the Erie road were deprived of the control of their own property. If Mr. HOFFMAN had refused to sign that bill his political career would have ended. In the State of New York no Democrat can hope to rise but by the favor of Tammany Hall, and Mr. TWEED is Tammany Hall. The gentlemen whose names figure as sachems receive their orders from Mr. TWEED. The Democrats who affect to be independent, and to protest, are not only silenced by him, but presently sing his praises. Indeed, the peculiar defects of our political methods were never so conspicuously revealed as they are now in the Democratic party management in the State of New York.

In a late grave and well-considered speech in Brooklyn General WOODFORD spoke of his opponent, Governor HOFFMAN, as "a gentleman of scholastic culture, of persuasive eloquence, and of rare personal refinement. Against his character as a private citizen, as a lawyer and judge, no breath of suspicion has ever been raised." General WOODFORD then proceeded to state, in the strongest terms, the notorious fact that this gentleman owes his present official position to the most extensive frauds, and to the crimes of repeaters, ruffians, and bullies; and that he would "shrink, as from leprosy, were he called upon in private life to stand sponsor for such wrongs as he has fathered in his public and official career."

If this estimate of Mr. HOFFMAN be correct, how extremely unenviable is his position! He knows that every intelligent man in the State of New York is aware that his political advancement is due to his utter subservience to certain persons, whom the editor of one of his party organs calls the authors of shameless frauds at the polls. He knows that the same great and intelligent multitude is aware that the signature of the Erie bill was the price of the continued favor of those who may most truly be called his political masters. The most conspicuous act of Governor HOFFMAN's administration is an outrage so gross, a prostitution of official power so flagrant, that not a voice has ever been raised in its defense, and his friends can only pray for the charity of public forgetfulness. It is in vain that he and those friends assert that in all parties there are corrupt men, and that his party is no worse than others. The glaring fact in his case is that, as Mayor, he virtually protected by proclamation the frauds of those corrupt men by which he was himself to profit, and that, as Governor, he has been the instrument of their plans.

If Mr. HOFFMAN's independent career had made his name familiar, and he had, by acknowledged services, invited the honors of his party—if he were, therefore, allied with Tammany upon equal terms, so to say, his position would be less humiliating. But he was selected by the managers of his party, not because of conspicuous services or capacity, but because they were sure of his obedience; and the result has justified their confidence. He fills the position once held by WILLIAM L. MARCY and SILAS WRIGHT, eminent members of his own party. Does he forget that every Governor is tried by his predecessors? He knows only too well that the better part of his party, with all men of every party whose respect is worth having, ask themselves with shame, as they see in fancy MARCY and WRIGHT sitting where Mr. HOFFMAN sits, Would those men have done the bidding of Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY? Tammany Hall wanted the very man whom General WOODFORD described. It wanted a man who would consent to do as a public officer what he would spurn as a private gentleman; a man whose acknowledged amiability and correct deportment would serve as a convenient cloak for inexcusable public acts. It believed it had found this person in Mr. HOFFMAN, and the event has justified its sagacity.

It would be an interesting inquiry whether Mr. HOFFMAN is not of opinion that political advancement may be bought too dearly. There is, of course, in all practical politics a certain amount of disagreeable details. That is understood. It is the necessary friction of politics. But there is a line beyond which no self-respecting man is willing to go. To pass that is to reveal his weakness and his incapacity. The grave objection, therefore, to elevating men like Mr. HOFFMAN to public office is not that their official conduct is controlled by the political principles of their party, which is properly expected, but that they are powerless to resist the most fatal assaults upon the very foundations of the government. The frauds which Mr. HOFFMAN, as Mayor, denied and virtually protected would presently destroy the whole American political system; while the assault upon the most sacred rights of industry, in the Erie bill, fatally disturbs the confidence in vested rights which is essential to the public welfare.

The tendency of the Democratic party, relying, as it does, upon ignorance, class hatreds, and electoral frauds, is as plainly fatal to American institutions now as it was when it was the defender and perpetuator of slavery. The qualities of Mr. HOFFMAN, as shown in his public career, are not such as temper and control this tendency; they only promote it by slightly veiling it. His official career, thus far, has brought shame upon the State; its continuance tends only to disaster.

PRUSSIA AND PEACE.

M. JULES FAVRE and many persons in this country who gladly hailed the republic, virtually decried the conduct of Germany in pushing forward to Paris as monstrous. But there was nothing else to do. The Imperial Government declared war against Prussia, and the French armies marched to invade Germany. The war, if not approved, was adopted by France. Instead, however, of invading Germany, and demanding the Rhenish provinces at Berlin, France found herself disastrously beaten in the field, her armies shut up in fortified cities, and at last her Emperor and the chief army surrendering. Thereupon the Imperial Government was overthrown in Paris; a Government, or Committee of Defense, was improvised, which called itself the Republic, and its first words were that it was "a republic of war to the knife against the invader." What was Germany to do? Was the Prussian King to march quietly back to Berlin, or to believe the declaration of the new authority that it meant to continue the war? There was no alternative. France had declared war, and, after great reverses, had overthrown the existing Government, in order to carry on the war more effectively.

But as the German army pressed steadily forward to Paris, the actual situation, the awful peril of the country, seemed to become more evident to the French authorities. They wanted above all things a respite, an armistice. The obvious method to obtain it was to go at once to the Prussian camp, and ask upon what terms peace was possible. But those authorities knew only too well that they could give no guarantees for the fulfillment of their own engagements with Prussia. They had seized the government in Paris, but that was all. The authorities of some of the other cities had acquiesced; those of still others had not; and Lyons was acting independently of Paris. The country, smitten and paralyzed with universal calamity, seemed to co-operate with the only apparent organization of authority. But the will of France had not been expressed. Knowing that, the Republic, or the Committee of Defense, saw the futility of going directly to the Prussian camp, and asked informally the mediation of England.

But England was, of course, perplexed by the same difficulty. She could not act for a French Government which France had not authorized; and she was utterly unable to show to the Prussian King that any terms which she might suggest, as agreeable to the authorities in Paris, would be ratified by the people of France. Neither those authorities nor England could say to Prussia that the terms which might be accepted would not instantly be thrust aside by a new revolution and a new form of authority. Prussia was not, and has never been, unwilling to treat; but obviously she could treat only with a Government which could bind France, and M. JULES FAVRE could not, and did not, assert that he represented such a Government. Indeed, in his official circular of the 18th of September, he concedes that the existing Government is irregular and without power. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to await the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. A congress of representatives, freshly elected by the people, could speak for France, and nothing else could.

The conduct of Prussia, therefore, has been irreproachable. It has thus far been neither relentless nor cruel nor exacting. Meanwhile various false stories have been exposed, and many confidential conversations of BISMARCK have been reported. But whether he imparts the profoundest state secrets to gentlemen whom he casually meets upon battle-fields may be wisely doubted. Yet, as the great German plan of the war has been simple, so the conditions of peace upon which Germany is likely to insist may, perhaps, be easily surmised. Just terms would be an indemnity, a reduction of the army, and the dismantling of certain fortresses. If, beyond this, Germany should demand the cession by treaty of Alsace and Lorraine, France might justly refuse to expatriate her own citizens by treaty, and demand that the question be referred to the people of the provinces. Should Germany refuse, and insist upon the cession without regard to the wishes of the people, she would forfeit much of the sympathy which has hitherto attended her. But we shall very reluctantly believe that the skill and intelligence which have given Germany the leadership of Europe will desert her at so important a crisis.

A DEMOCRATIC "PLANK."

THE people of this State and of the country will not fail to observe the position of the New York Democrats upon one of the most vital questions of the hour. They are perpetually begging for public forgetfulness of their conduct during and before the war. They constantly pray a charitable country not to recall the fact that for a generation before 1860 the sole aim of the Democratic party was to confirm and extend slavery, and that during the war it did what it could, short of actual armed assistance, to secure the overthrow of the government. A slave-driving party before the war, and a Copperhead party during the war, it naturally hates to remember, and begs every body to forget. Its Congressional Committee entreated the Southern voters to let dead issues alone. But when directly summoned in the House to declare whether the amendments were final, the members of the committee all voted no. So Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, in a late speech, denounces the whole system of reconstruction. The orators and the party all decline to declare that they acquiesce in the settlement, and Tammany Hall also refuses.

At its late convention in New York the party had an excellent opportunity to express its acquiescence. But the resolution in which this topic is treated is more absurd than even such resolutions generally are. Here it is:

"*Resolved*, That, as many of the issues which have divided good citizens in the past age are now settled, we invite all conservative citizens, irrespective of former political differences, to unite with us in securing the ascendency in the government of the principle upon which it was established as such, while, sustained by the majority of the American people, it secured peace and prosperity for all."

That is a resolution which, meaning exactly nothing at all, except a longing for the good old palmy days of slave-driving, might be cordially approved by WADE HAMPTON and ROBERT TOOMBS.

This is the attitude of the New York Democracy upon the settlement of the war. It proposes to tear open every question if it has the opportunity. It scornfully rejects the counselors in its own ranks who feebly whisper that it is by chaining itself to a corpse that the party has suffered hitherto. It is a prodigious blun-

der which, as sincerely opposed to the party, we gladly perceive. It is a reckoning to which the Democratic managers may be very sure that their party will be held. They proclaim now the same disorganizing policy which they advocated in 1860, 1864, and 1868, and which, happily for the country and for civilization, totally overthrew them.

Let the voters of New York carefully consider whether they think it well for the peace and prosperity of the country to support a party whose open refusal to acquiesce in the validity of the late amendments, and the finality of reconstruction, is a declaration of endless and fatal agitation.

OUR DUTY TO LIBERTY.

Is the Government now to be accused of hostility to a republic in France because the neutrality laws have been enforced against certain persons who had been enlisted to make war upon a power friendly to the United States? Is it desirable to have such laws, or is it merely undesirable to enforce them? Ought we to allow recruits to be enlisted here to fight against monarchical governments with which we are at peace, and should we only prohibit enlistments to fight against republics? In other words, are the United States to declare that they will take part in every war which calls itself republican, and are those who oppose such a policy as fatal to republican liberty to be considered enemies of republican government? Certainly none can wish success more sincerely than we to the efforts of the French people to establish and maintain a republic. But that does not imply that we are to go to war to help them. No part so ridiculous can be proposed for any nation as that it shall declare itself the defender of liberty against all comers. This was what the old French republic did—the republic which smothered liberty in blood.

The United States Government has enforced its laws in the case of France, as it has in that of Cuba. But nothing could be more unjust than to declare it, for that reason, hostile to the French or to the Cubans. It stopped Colonel RYAN's expedition last year. Was it because the Government wished to see slavery perpetuated in Cuba? It is said, indeed, that the insurgents had declared emancipation, and that to help them was to favor emancipation. If that had been the whole case it would have been a strong one. But it was really a very small part of the case. The same argument would have justified our sending expeditions to an insurrection in England which declared a republic, or to Ireland because it asserted its independence. In a word, it brings us directly around the circle again to the position that the United States ought to help every body who says that he is fighting for liberty, and help him without the slightest regard to the actual facts of the situation, or to the probable results to their own liberty or happiness. This is a course which no intelligent man and no sagacious party will ever propose. But the sympathies and hopes of the people of this country are none the less warmly given to every honest struggle for liberty, wherever it may be.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

It is with inexpressible sorrow that those who recall the bright and smiling capital of France read of the devastation and desolation which have befallen its immediate vicinity. It is not easy to discover from the accounts exactly how great the destruction is, but, if the intention of defense of the city has been serious, the ravages of the neighborhood must have been immense. Paris is in a peculiar sense the pride of France. Indeed, there was many a Parisian who secretly felt it to be the glory of the world. In its perpetual carnival it amused itself with nothing more than satirical railing at Germany and the Germans. There was especial zest in the Parisian laugh at the German soldier caricatured in le General Boum, because it was a German who served up the sneer. How would an evening of the "Grande Duchesse" be relished by the golden youth of Paris with the King of Prussia occupying Versailles as his head-quarters? The suddenness of the humiliation of Paris is as astounding as its completeness.

And this dire humiliation of its capital, and all this unspeakable sorrow and loss, this total national decline, France owes chiefly to LOUIS NAPOLEON. His reign of eighteen years seems now a kind of Circean revel. It appeared very splendid, and it was utterly demoralizing and fatal. Paris has never been gayer, but all the while it has been truly portrayed in COUTURE's terrible picture in the Luxembourg, the "Decadence of the Romans." A frenzied festivity is not happiness. The policy of the French empire was that of the baser days of Rome, to amuse and excite the people, and blind by dazzling them. Paris, therefore, was beautified. The new avenues, the new boulevards, were magnificent. But the tone of imperial society was deplorable. The best Frenchmen did not appear in public affairs. They who did were voices of warning and protest. Their attitude was that of the statues of the old Romans in COUTURE's picture. Nowhere in the world, except in some American Democratic newspapers, did there seem to be any sincere admiration of LOUIS NAPOLEON or his empire. But what mere paste its apparent diamonds were, how utterly hollow its pretense of power or hold upon the people, the last few weeks have shown.

That nobody sees this more plainly than BISMARCK there can be no doubt. And the report that he would only treat with a resuscitated regency was therefore wholly improbable. To suppose that BISMARCK would refuse to treat with JULES FAVRE because he could not be sure that France was behind him, and yet insist upon treating with the name of LOUIS NAPOLEON when he knew that France had, at least, spewed him out, however obscure every thing else might be, was to accuse the most acute statesman of modern Europe of being deceived by a sophism which the merest doctrinaire would spurn. But all the sorrow and loss and shame which LOUIS NAPOLEON has brought upon France will not be wholly in vain, nor to be altogether regretted, if they shall serve to rouse the French people permanently to the conviction that they can hereafter yield to any form of personal power only at the peril of their very existence.

How terrible their fate under that system has been they see but too well. Ground to the earth by the old BOURBON despotism, they were yet able to defy Europe, and to make their national name more illustrious than ever. But the long succession of monarchical abuses since those days has prostrated France hopelessly. She will emerge from this contest more humiliated than any great nation ever was in so short a time. Whether, indeed, there is the necessary intelligence upon the part of the people to confirm and organize the republic is a question to be decided only by experiment. LOUIS NAPOLEON always resisted the earnest appeals of his Minister of Public Instruction, DURUY, to make education, as in Germany, compulsory and universal; and the French people are, therefore, very much less instructed than the Germans, and therefore, also, more helpless in the hands of the priests. Should hostilities happily end within a short time, the reorganization of France will be the most interesting problem in current political history. And if any thing can serve to make the republic sure, it will be the remembrance of the character and consequences of a rule like that of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A BITING SATIRE.

The most withering sarcasm of the political campaign is the resolution of the New York Democratic Convention in praise of Governor HOFFMAN. It compares the signer of the Erie bill to TOMPKINS, CLINTON, and MARCY! It praises the vetoes of a Governor who refused to interfere against infamous legislation to save to honest men and women the control of their own property! It commends the devotion to municipal rights of a magistrate who openly shielded the frauds in the city of New York which deprived every honest citizen of his most precious political privilege! With elaborate mockery it celebrates "the elevated statesmanship" of a gentleman selected for office because of his negative qualities. Mr. TWEED causes Mr. HOFFMAN to be solemnly extolled, as Mr. PITT would have told his men to praise Dr. ADDINGTON. Elevated statesmanship! How can a gentleman be a statesman whose haunting fear is that he may destroy his political prospects by alienating Mr. TWEED?

NOTES.

The American Sanitary Commission during our war showed how much could be done for the relief of the suffering and the cure and care of the wounded upon the battle-field; and in 1863 a congress of most of the chief powers was held at Geneva to secure by treaty or mutual understanding the utmost care of wounded soldiers. An association was formed, which has a branch in this country, of which Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, the admirable and efficient President of our own Sanitary Commission, is President. This branch has refrained from making any appeal to the public while the force of the national French and German sentiment in the country has been at work, and because it wished to test the adequacy of the method of the International Association. That has now been most fully and satisfactorily tested; and the American branch, having fully informed itself of the situation and of the pressing emergency, now appeals to the people of the United States for generous contributions of money to be applied impartially to the relief of the vast and cruel suffering occasioned by the war. It guarantees that not a dollar shall be wasted, and, if necessary, it will have an experienced agent of its own upon the ground to see that the American relief is properly applied. Contributions, in money only, may be sent to HOWARD POTTER, Treasurer, New York.

OUR friends of the daily press have a hard time with their special dispatches from Europe, for the fullness of which the public is surely grateful. It seems that it is the rule among the papers in the city known as the Associated Press that all special dispatches, except from certain places, which are sent to either of the papers shall be furnished to all the others, with the privilege of using the whole or a part upon proportional payment. Thus the special dispatch to one paper may appear the same morning in all, the specialty entirely disappearing. This arrangement has, however, occasioned a constant volley of mutual accusations and innuendoes. One paper charges another with using its dispatches in an imperfect form, which, however, is provided for by the agreement. Another paper, using the dispatches which the enterprise of its contemporary has provided, claims an equal credit for the enterprise because it pays its proportional share of the expense. Another paper, being mentioned by name in proceedings which it specially reports, finds, to its great disgust, that its neighbor, who by the rules is entitled to use the dispatch, converts it wholly to its use by changing the name mentioned to its own. Certainly there was never a rule among associates which worked so deplorably, and produced more constant irritation. It would really seem worth while either to change the rule or to abide silently by its consequences. The special dispatches of all the papers have been valuable and interesting, and it is a pity that each should not enjoy the advantage of any superior enterprise or excellence it may display.

A LOVELY illustration of Democratic "economy" is mentioned by the *Tribune*. Mr. John Jones, tax-payer in the city of New York, paid in the year 1866, upon houses valued at $100,000, a tax of $2 30 per hundred, a total of $2300. In the year 1870 Mr. John Jones perceives with pleasure that under beneficent Democratic rule the rate of taxation has been reduced five cents. It is now $2 25, and Mr. Jones evidently saves $50. Poor Mr. John Jones! His tax bill is larger than ever. He hastens to the assessor's office, and finds that the valuation of his property has been raised to $142,000, although he knows that no such actual rise of nearly fifty per cent. has taken place; and under the Democratic reduction of the rate of taxation Mr. John Jones pays a bill of $3195, an increase of $895 in four years. On the valuation of 1866, at a tax rate of $2 30, nearly $17,000,000 was raised. The same rate upon the valuation of 1870 would yield more than $25,000,000. But as the masters of the city want a little less, say $23,500,000, they "reduce" the rate by five cents, a "reduction" which makes Mr. John Jones pay more than a third more, and which yields $7,615,472 more money than in 1866. Mr. John Jones will probably vote the Tammany ticket with ardor.

THE Governor of Utah has issued a proclamation peremptorily forbidding the musters and drills of the militia of that Territory except by his orders. This is a direct issue of authority with BRIGHAM YOUNG, and an emphatic suggestion to that patriarch and his followers that the laws of the United States will be enforced in all territory subject to their authority.

MR. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, the editor of the *Utica Herald*, has been nominated for Congress with enthusiasm. We wish he might be elected with unanimity, and that Congress were altogether composed of such honorable and able men.

Putnam's Monthly, a magazine which will be always kindly remembered in our literature, will be hereafter merged with *Hours at Home* in *Scribner's Monthly*, a new magazine to be edited by Dr. HOLLAND. The great popularity of Mr. "Titcomb," and his skill in interesting and touching the widest circle of readers, are the best auspices for the new periodical. Dr. HOLLAND comes to his work, also, fresh from a residence in Europe, an experience which will give him the richest material. He is, however, so essentially an American that Europe could only enlarge his sympathies, not alienate them from his own country.

IT gives us great pleasure to be able to congratulate our enterprising contemporary, the New York *Evening Mail*, upon its triumphant success, after four years' strife against its numerous competitors. Owing to the judicious management of J. M. BUNDY, this paper has for a long time stood at the head of the two-cent evening journals of this city. Last year its space was largely extended, and during the month of December it is proposed to issue a double sheet every Saturday.

WE are glad to hear that our old friend BENSON J. LOSSING, the well-known historian, has again returned to the lecturing field. He will lecture during the ensuing season on "Art: its History and Work," and on "Chivalry, Yesterday and To-day." We are sure that a lecturer so pleasant and impressive as Mr. LOSSING, and speaking upon such interesting and instructive topics, will be warmly greeted by the public as a familiar friend.

THE WAR—CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.

IT is among the curious things connected with the war between Prussia and France that there is scarcely a place of any note that late events have made us familiar with that has not an interesting reminiscence connected with printing.

KEHL, where the first work of destruction began by an attempt to destroy the bridge across the Rhine, is the locality to which Baskerville's beautiful type was transferred in 1779, having failed to procure a purchaser at home. M. Beaumarchais, who bought it, opened an office in this town, and, at the expense of three millions of francs, published an edition of Voltaire's works, consisting of 20,000 copies, of which twenty-five were on blue paper for King Frederick of Prussia, "who labored under weakness of the eyes."

METZ, which has acquired so much notoriety, was early distinguished by the introduction of printing. As early as 1482 a work was printed here (the first book of Thomas à Kempis). In 1575 all Protestant printers had to quit the city, and all such authors had to get their works printed at Paris, or Rheims, etc., for more than twenty years.

STRASBOURG is well known to the learned as one of the towns that put in a claim to the honor of giving birth to the typographic art, Schoepling and others contending that John Gutenberg printed here between 1440 and 1450; but this is unsupported by any positive evidence. The earliest dated book known to have been printed here is dated 1471. John Mentelin printed in Strasbourg, in 1473, the first edition of the German Bible.

TOUL was a seat of early printing. The first known work on Perspective, by Jo. Pelegrinus, was printed here in 1505; there is a copy in the show-case of literary curiosities in the British Museum. Toul is also to be noted as the place at which one of the earliest attempts at stereotyping was made in 1785.

At RHEIMS printing was carried on as early as 1551. In 1552 was executed here the first edition of the Romish-English version of the New Testament.

At VERDUN printing was carried on as early as 1560. At this place the English prisoners who were detained by Napoleon I. printed, by his permission, a "Book of Common Prayer" in English.

SEDAN has also an interest to the lovers of typography. "Here were printed," says Dr. Cotton, "some very diminutive volumes, well known to the collectors of books by the name of Sedan editions—the 'Virgil,' dated 1625, the 'Horace,' of 1627, and the 'Greek Testament,' of 1628, are all of this kind at present known." In Trinity College, Dublin, is a Sedan volume dated 1589.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent interview between Jules Favre and Count Von Bismarck, looking to peace negotiations, seems to have proved an utter failure. Jules Favre admitted that he could give no guarantees of permanent peace, and desired an armistice till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. He admitted also that Germany could not be asked to relinquish temporarily any advantage of her present military position. He agreed that negotiation should proceed upon a basis that would give Germany, at the end of the armistice, if the Constituent Assembly rejected the terms, the same relative superiority as now.

The disagreement commenced on purely military questions, Von Moltke pointing out that the mere lapse of time inflicted on the German position an essential injury that must be compensated by France relinquishing specified material advantages. He named the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Verdun—all three—because now those fortresses are obstructing German communications, to open which and accelerate the movement of heavy guns, ammunition, and supplies, Moltke considered might be partial compensation for the delay of an armistice. Metz was not demanded, because it does not interrupt communications.

The unexpected moderation of these terms impressed Favre, who personally, it is believed, would gladly have accepted them; but he had no final authority from his colleagues, and returned to Paris to consult. Meantime, the state of affairs in the city had grown worse; the difficulties of maintaining authority were greater than ever. The Red Republicans were turbulent; there was great hostility to any negotiations whatever, and the Government was reluctantly obliged to reject the proposals.

On September 24 the French Cabinet issued the following proclamation to the people: "Before the siege of Paris Jules Favre desired to see Count Von Bismarck, to know the intentions of the enemy. The following is the declaration of the enemy:

"Prussia wishes to continue the war in order to reduce France to a second-rate power. Prussia demands Alsace and Lorraine as far as Metz, by right of conquest. Prussia, before consenting to an armistice, demands the rendition of Strasbourg, Toul, and Mont Valerien. Paris is exasperated, and will rather bury herself beneath her ruins. To such insolent pretensions we can respond but by resistance to the last extremity. France accepts the struggle, and counts upon her children."

The Government has issued decrees that all the municipal elections, as well as those for the Constituent Assembly, be suspended and adjourned, and all municipal elections which have been effected annulled.

On the 23d of September Toul was surrendered to the Prussians after a bombardment of six hours. The conditions of capitulation were similar to those which formed the basis of negotiation at Sedan. There were surrendered 109 officers, 2240 privates, 197 bronze cannon, of which 48 are rifled, 3000 muskets, 3000 sabres, 500 cuirasses, a very considerable quantity of ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary stores.

The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* at Berlin telegraphs that Bazaine, on September 19, sent a letter to the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles, which was forwarded from thence to the King. It is reported that he expressed a willingness to surrender on condition that the troops be permitted to retain their arms, on parole not to resume hostilities for three months.

Paris has been completely isolated. The Prussians, on the 19th, captured and occupied a commanding position on the heights of Sceaux, south of the city.

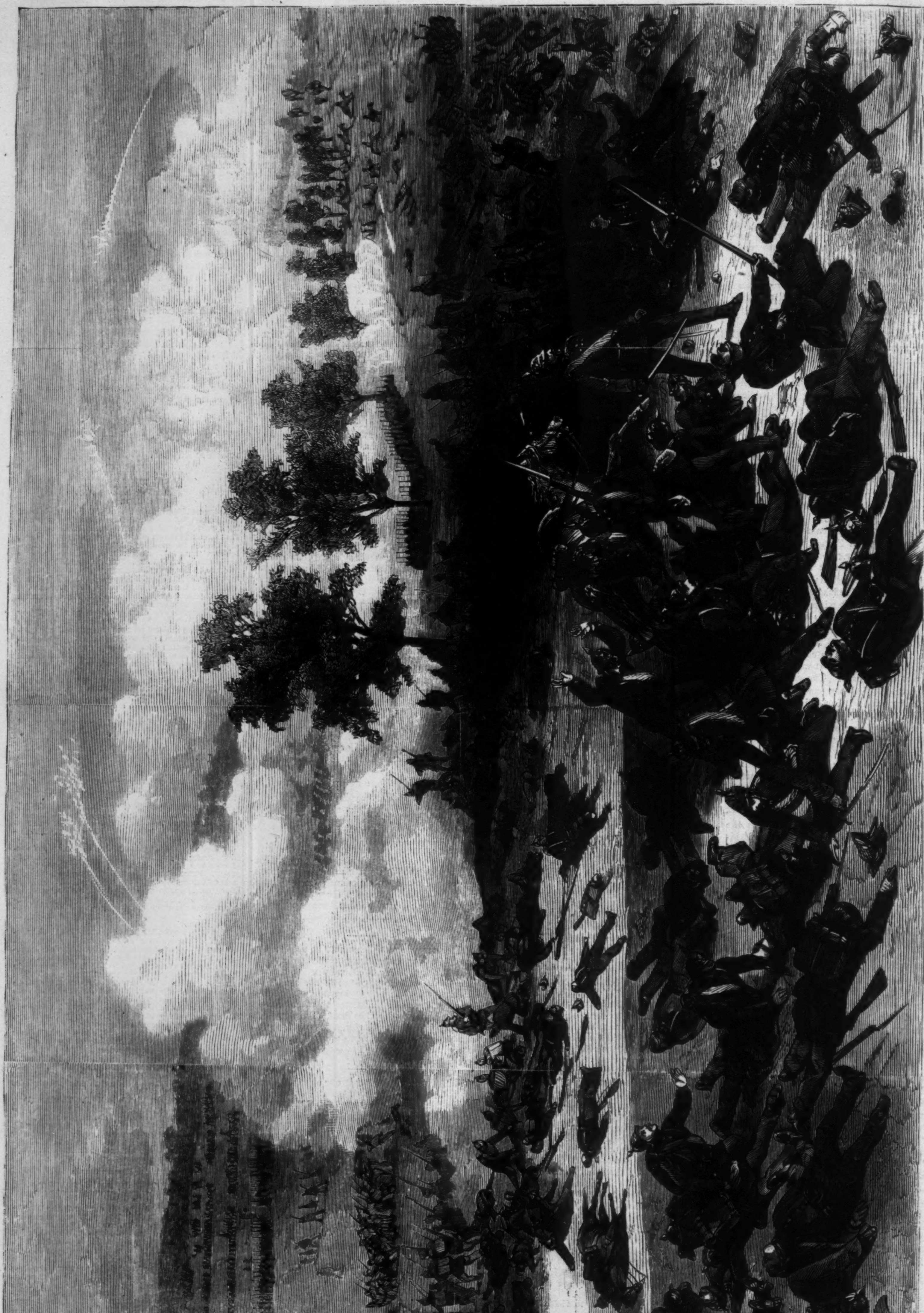
The Italian troops occupied Rome, September 20, without resistance, and preparations were immediately commenced for the transfer of the capital from Florence to that city. A provisional government has been formed at Rome.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY on the morning of September 24 the Bremen steamer *Hermann*, Captain Reichmann, with forty-seven passengers, chiefly Germans, cleared from the port of New York, and soon after passing Sandy Hook found two French cruisers slowly moving across her path, and both carrying the tricolor of France, at the distance of about three miles. The captain made them out to be the steam corvette *La Touche Creville* and the gun-boat *Britomarte*, though it is thought that the latter was more probably the *Egremont*, which sailed from Havre on secret service about a month ago. The officers of the *Hermann* were at once summoned to consult with the captain. The engines were stopped, and in a few minutes the order was given to put about and return to American waters. At Quarantine the vessel came to anchor, and the passengers were shipped to the city, each one having been furnished with an order upon the company for the amount paid for passage.

The President has appointed Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, to succeed Mr. Motley as our Minister to England. The appointment has been accepted.

The New York State Democratic Convention met at Rochester, September 21, and nominated John T. Hoffman for Governor, and Allan C. Beach for Lieutenant-Governor.



EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE IN THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.—[See Page 647.]

EUROPE AND AMERICA OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"WE SHRINK FROM CONTEMPLATING OUR LOSSES."—*King William's Dispatch to Queen Augusta.*

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

HAVE you read in song and story
How the dead Napoleon comes,
Yearning still for earth-born glory,
And the war-beat of the drums?
Phantom legions file before him,
Far upon that Dreamland plain,
While the eagles hover o'er him,
As exulting o'er the slain.

And he marshals his battalions,
Ranged upon the spectral sod;
Till, as the Armada galleons
Vanished at the breath of God,
So the vision fades, and only
One remembrance doth remain,
Where a captive paces lonely
On the shores of St. Helène.

When we read that gallant story
Our desponding spirits thrill;
France and Victory! France and Glory!
Seem familiar phrases still.
And if in the coming ages
We have need of battle-cry,
We can seek historic pages—
Think of Austerlitz—and die.

Once our cannon spoke in thunder,
And all Europe heard in dread;
Now, O France, thou'rt torn asunder—
And thine army lacks a head!
Yet, as earnest of salvation,
While this agony shall last,
Hope, amid thy desolation,
Fairer future from thy past.

Still as sweeps the storm of iron,
Where the cannon crown the ridge,
And the battle-clouds environ,
We shall think on Lodi bridge;
Lo, the golden lilies paling,
France has sore need of her sons;
They shall answer her unfailing
While one lives to man the guns!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MINERS' BANK.

As, though Richard had fasted long, he could not eat, so, though he was fatigued with the travel of the last two days, he could not sleep. He turned from side to side upon his pillow throughout the weary night, and strove to lose himself, and shut out thought, in vain, even for an instant. He got up and paced the room; and, when the streaks of dawn began to show themselves, drew up the blind, and looked forth. It was a very different scene from that he had been accustomed to contemplate at Gethin. In place of the waste of ocean, specked by a sail or two, whose presence only served to intensify its solitary grandeur, the thick-peopled city lay before him. But as yet there were no tokens of waking life; the streets were empty, the windows shrouded, and a steady drizzle of rain was falling, which gave promise of a wretched day. Even when the morning advanced, it was difficult to make out the individual buildings; but he had had the Miners' Bank pointed out to him on the previous day, and he thought he recognized it now. It was there that the business which he had proposed to himself was to be effected, and he gazed at it with interest. The wisest of us are simple in some things, and though so knowing in the ways of the world—that is, of *his* world—Richard knew nothing of banks whatever, and wondered whether he would have any difficulty in carrying out his object. He could not foresee any; it seemed to him that the banking folks would be glad to oblige him in the matter in question, since, if there was any advantage, it would be on their side. But there were six hours yet before he could perform this business, and since sleep was denied him, how was he to pass the time? There was a large book upon the drawers, which he had not hitherto observed, with the royal arms stamped upon it, and the name of the hotel inscribed beneath them. It did not look like a devotional work, but it was the New Testament—a work that was very literally new to Richard Yorke. He had seen it, of course, often; was acquainted by hearsay with its contents, and had joked about them. It is the easiest book in the world to make jokes upon, which, perhaps, accounts for its being so favorite a subject of ridicule with foolish persons. Shakspeare is also easy to make fun of, but the *soupçon* of blasphemy is in that case wanting, which, to many, forms the chief charm of witty converse. Richard looked at it as a dog looks at a stick; but he took it up, and opened it at random. "Having no hope, and without God in the world."

He was not a believer in sortilege. If the text he had chanced upon had been ever so applicable to his own condition, it would have made but little impression upon him, and this was not very pertinent in its application. He was by no means without hope. He had come to Plymouth full of hope, though disappointed at its not having been already exchanged for certainty. He had good hope of inspiring John Trevethick with confidence in his social position, and consequently of obtaining his consent to marry the woman who had now become indispensable to his happiness. He had even some hope of yet inheriting a portion of his father's great estate. He could not be accused of spiritual ambition. Any other sort of hope than that of being in a position to enjoy himself thoroughly had never entered into his mind. Just now, however, he was far from enjoying himself; he was a prey to anxiety, and any opportunity of forgetting it was welcome to him. Not without an effort to be interested, therefore, he reflected upon these words, which seemed rather to have been spoken in his ear aloud than merely to have caught his eye. He had already shut the book with contemptuous impatience, but he found himself, nevertheless, repeating: "Having no hope, and without God in the world," and pondering upon their meaning. He wondered at himself for taking the trouble to do so; but if he didn't do that, his thoughts would, he knew, be even less pleasantly occupied; so he let them slip into this novel channel. How *could* a man be without God in the world, if God was every where? as he had somewhere seen or heard stated, and which he believed to be the fact. It was one of the objections against the Bible, was his peevish reflection, that it was self-contradictory in its assertions, and unmistakably distinct only in its denunciations of wrath. Here was a case in point, and one which might justly be "taken up" by a fellow, if it was worth while. As for himself, he was no skeptic. Exeter Hall might have clasped him to her breast (and would) upon that ground. He was accustomed to use the name of the Creator whenever he wished to be particularly decisive; but for any other purpose he had never named it with his lips. Even as a child, his mother had never taught him to do so. She had never spoken to him on religious subjects except in humorous connection with the Heads of the two Churches to which her first husband had belonged—Emanuel Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott. If the expression "without God in the world" meant the living in it without the practice of religion, it certainly did have an application to himself, but also to every one else with whom he was acquainted. Of course he had known people who went to church—young men of his own age, whom their parents compelled to do so, and who envied him the liberty he enjoyed in that respect; and the poor folks at Gethin went to chapel. But, even there, shrewd fellows like Trevethick and Solomon did not trouble themselves to do so. True, Harry went! But then women, unless they were uncommonly clever, like his own mother, always did go to hear the parsons. Parsons, as a rule, were hypocrites. He had met one or two of them in town under circumstances that showed they had really no more "nonsense about them" than other people, but in the pulpit they were bound to cant. Look at Mr. Whymper, for instance—the best specimen of them, by-the-by, he had ever known—who could doubt that his mind was wholly set upon the main chance? To what slights and insolences did he submit himself for the sake of feathering his own nest; and how he had counted upon that fat living, of which the Squire had so cruelly disappointed him! Talk of religion! why, there was Carew himself, with thirty thousand a year, and did not spend a shilling of it on religion! True, he kept a chaplain, but only as a check upon his steward, to manage his estate for him. If there was really any thing in it, would not a rich man like him have put aside a portion of his wealth, by way of insurance—insurance against fire?—and here Richard chuckled to himself.

It was all rubbish, these texts and things. He would dress himself, and go out and take a walk, although it was so early. He had already heard sounds in the house, as though somebody was astir; so he rang the bell. It was answered by a sleepy and disheveled personage, whom he scarcely recognized for the sleek "night chamberlain," whose duty it was to watch while others slept, and who had given him a bed-candle not many hours before.

"What! still up, my man?" said Richard, gayly.

"Yes, Sir. The morning mail has but just come in; we had a passenger by it. I put him in the room under you; but he seemed a quiet one, and I didn't think he'd 'a disturbed you."

"He did not," said Richard. "I have been awake all night, and never so much as heard him. Can I have some hot water?"

"Not yet, Sir, I'm afraid; there's no fire alight at present. I can get you some brandy-and-soda, Sir."

"No, no," answered Richard, smiling; "I sha'n't want that; and as for the hot water, I can do without it; but, now you're here, just tell me, for I am quite a stranger to your town, isn't that high roof yonder," and he pointed to the object in question, "the Miners' Bank?"

"Yessir, that's it. Ah, if the morning was but a little finer, you would have a lovely view from this here window—half the town and a good slice of the harbor! There's a splendid building out to the left there, if the clouds would but lift a little. That's the County Jail, Sir."

"Indeed," said Richard, carelessly, and turned away. "Just take my boots down with you, as I shall want them as soon as you can get them cleaned."

The man did as he was bid. Directly he had left the room, Richard pulled down the window-blind, and staggered to a chair. Perhaps want of food and sleep had weakened him; but he sat down, looking very pale and haggard, like one who has received a sudden shock. Why should one man have answered him last night, "the convict ship," and now this fellow have pointed out the jail? It was only a coincidence, of course; but if there was ever such a thing as an evil augury, he had surely experienced it on those two occasions. "This is what comes of burying one's self at Gethin," thought he, smiling faintly at his own folly. "If I staid there much longer, I should begin to believe in mermaids and the Flying Dutchman." Jail! Why, if the very worst should happen, the matter would only require to be explained; he was in no real peril from the law, after all. Indeed, the very revelation which he most dreaded would only, by exposing the true state of affairs, precipitate his happiness. Trevethick would then be as eager as himself to hasten Harry's marriage.

Thus he reasoned until something of equanimity returned to him. Then he attired himself, buttoning his frock-coat carefully over his chest, and went down stairs. As he reached the next landing, a gentleman emerged from the room immediately beneath his own, like himself, fully dressed, and carrying his hat and great-coat. He was a small stout man, with bushy red whiskers, a good-natured face, and little twinkling black eyes. With a civil bow he made way for Richard to pass him, and then followed him down stairs into the coffee-room. It was a huge apartment, and quite empty except for their two selves. Most persons meeting in such a Sahara would have exchanged a salutation; and Richard, gregarious by nature besides, being eager to divert his thoughts, at once entered into conversation.

"You are the gentleman who arrived by the mail this morning, I conclude," said he, "otherwise you would scarcely keep such early hours."

"Just so, Sir," answered the other, smiling. "I thought it was not worth while to go to bed, but just gave myself a wash and brush up; and here I am, sharp-set for breakfast."

It was plain this man was not a gentleman, but Richard cared very little about that. He would have talked to the waiter, in default of any other companion.

"Well, I have been to bed," said Richard, smiling, "though something I took at dinner disagreed with me, and kept me awake all night. Do you mean to say you are not going to take any horizontal refreshment at all?"

"Well, no; I had some sleep in the coach, and a very little of that article does for me. If you eat and drink enough, as I do, it is astonishing how well you can get on without rest."

"Indeed," said Richard. "I should like to see the substitutes you take for what I have always found an indispensable necessity. Suppose we have breakfast together, and you shall order it."

"But not pay for it," stipulated the stout gentleman, in a tone that you might take as either jest or earnest. "We'll go shares in that, eh?"

"Unless you will allow me to be your host, we will certainly go shares," said Richard, wondering to himself whether in all Gethin so great a boor as this could be found above-ground or beneath it, or making his business on the waters, but rather amused nevertheless.

"I don't like misunderstandings," explained the little man, "nor yet obligations. It's not that I grudge my money, or have not as much of it as I want, thank Heaven!"

"Then you've got more than any body else I know," said Richard, laughing; "and I am acquainted with some rich men too."

"I dare say, Sir; you are a rich man yourself, I hope. You look like a young gentleman with plenty of money in your pocket."

At any other time Richard would not have been displeased by such an observation, which was, moreover, a perfectly just one. He looked from head to heel like a young man of fortune, and had been brought up as idly and uselessly as any such; but now he blushed and felt uncomfortable; and his fingers, in spite of himself, sought that breast-pocket which he had so carefully buttoned up, as though his companion's observation had had a literal and material meaning.

"Do you know Plymouth?" asked he of the stranger, by way of turning the conversation.

"Perfectly. Indeed, I live here; but I did not wish to arrive at home at such an unseasonable hour as the coach comes in. If, as a resident, I can be of any service to you, pray command me. But you don't eat, Sir."

Richard, indeed, was only playing with a piece of toast, while eggs and ham and marmalade were disappearing with marvelous rapidity down the throat of his companion.

"I am not like you," he answered. "Want of sleep produces want of appetite with me. With respect to Plymouth, you are very good to offer me your hospitality, but—"

"Services, Sir—services while in the town, I said," observed the little man. "Let us have no misunderstanding, nor yet obligation; that's my motto. Now, what can I do for you, short of that?"

"Well, I shall not greatly tax your prudence," rejoined Richard, this time laughing heartily, "though you must certainly be either a Scotchman or a lawyer, to be so anxious to act 'without prejudice.' The only information I have to ask of you is, at what time the bank opens; for I have got some business to do there, which I want to effect as soon as possible, and then be off."

"The bank! Well, there's more than one bank in Plymouth," observed the little man, scraping up the last shreds of marmalade on his plate. "They open at different hours."

"The Miners' Company is the one I want to go to."

"That opens at nine, Sir. It's on my way home, and I shall be glad to show it you."

"Thank you; but it was pointed out to me last night," said Richard, stiffly; for he preferred to effect the business which he had on hand alone. "It is still raining. What do you say to a cigar in the smoking-room?"

"With pleasure, when I have just written three words to tell my people of my arrival," answered the stranger; "however, I can do that as well there as here."

And so eager did he seem for Richard's society that he had pen and paper brought into the hotel divan, and from thence dispatched his note.

"Take one of my cigars," said Richard, good-naturedly, offering his case.

"No, no," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking very grave; "you know my motto, Sir."

"A cigar," urged Richard, "is one of those things that one can accept even from a stranger without that sense of obligation from which you shrink so sensitively. Seriously, my good Sir, I shall feel offended if you refuse me this small favor."

"Sooner than that shall be, Sir, I'll take your cigar," said the little man. He held it up to the light, and sniffed at it with great zest. "This is no common brand, I reckon."

"Well, it is better than you will get out of the waiter's box, I dare say," answered Richard, smiling; for his cigars, like every thing else he had about him, were of the best.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put this in my pocket, if you'll allow me, young gentleman, for a treat when I get home. After an early morning breakfast, I generally prefer a pipe;" and he produced one accordingly from his pocket.

The room was melancholy to the last degree, being lit only from a sky-light; relics of the last night's dissipation, in the shape of empty glasses and ends of cigars, were still upon the small round tables; while a two-days-old newspaper was the only literature of which the apartment could boast.

"This place and hour would be dull enough, Sir, without your society," observed Richard, genially. "I don't think I was ever up so early in my life before, nor in such a den of a place."

"It's reckoned a good inn, too, is the *George and Vulture*; but the life of a hotel, you see, don't begin till later on in the day."

"That's a pity," said Richard, laughing, "as I sha'n't have the opportunity of seeing it at its best. I hope to be away by 9.30, or 10 at latest."

"Ah," said the little man, "indeed!" His words were meaningless enough, but there was really a genuine air of interest in his tone. He was a vulgar fellow, no doubt; but Richard rather liked him, mainly because it was evident that the other was captivated by him. He had laid himself out to please John Trevethick and his friend Solomon for the last six months, without success, yet here was a man who had evidently appreciated him at once. If he was but a bagman, or something of that sort, it was only the more creditable to his own powers of pleasing; and his vanity—and Richard was as vain of his social attractions as a girl—was flattered accordingly. In his solitude and wretchedness, too, the society of this stranger had been very welcome.

"I am sorry," said Richard, when they had passed some hours together, and it was getting near nine o'clock, "that I am obliged to leave Plymouth so soon. It would have given me great pleasure if you could have come and dined with me; though, indeed, I fear I have already detained you from your family. It was the act of a good Samaritan to keep me company so long, and I thank you heartily."

"Don't mention it, Sir—don't mention it," said the little man, quite huskily. "I have only done my duty."

This courteous sentiment made Richard laugh. "Your duty to your neighbor, eh?" said he. "Well, I must now wish you good-by;" and he held out his hand with a frank smile. "Perhaps we may meet again some day."

"Perhaps so, Sir," said the other, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and accompanying him into the hall.

At the hotel door Richard called a fly, as it was now raining heavily. "Shall I take you as far as the bank," said he, "since your road home lies that way? or is even that little service contrary to your motto?"

"I have got to see to my luggage," answered the other, evasively.

"Well, good-by, then."

"Good-by."

The vehicle rattled down a street or two, then stopped before a building of some pretension, with a tall portico and a flight of stone steps before it. Another fly drove up at the same moment, but it did not attract Richard's attention, which was concentrated upon the business he had in hand, and made his heart beat very fast. He pushed his way through the huge swinging door, and found himself in a vast room, with a large circular counter, at which clerks were standing, each behind a little rail. He had never been inside a bank before, and he looked around him curiously. On the left was an opaque glass door, with "Manager's Room" painted on it; on the right was an elevated desk, from which every part of the apartment could be commanded; the clerk who sat there looked down at him for an instant as he entered, but at once resumed his occupation. Every body was busy with pen and ledger; men were thronging in and out like bees, giving or receiving sheaves of bank-notes, or heaps of gold and silver. Richard waited until there was a vacant place at the counter, then stepped up with: "I want to exchange some Bank of England notes, please, for your own notes."

"Next desk, Sir," said the man, not even looking up, but pointing with the feather of his quill pen, then scratching away again as though he would have overtaken the lost time.

There was a singing in Richard's ear as he repeated his request, and fumbled in his breast-pocket for the notes; then a silence seemed to fall upon the place, which a moment before had been so alive and noisy. Every pen seemed to stop; the ring of the gold, the rustle of paper, ceased; only the tick of the great clock over

the centre door was heard. "Thief, thief! thief, thief!" were the words it said.

"How much is there?" inquired the clerk, taking the bundle of notes from Richard's hand; and his voice sounded as though it was uttered in an empty room.

"Two thousand pounds," said Richard. "Is there any difficulty about it? If so, I can take them elsewhere."

But the clerk had got them already, and was beginning to put down the number of each in a great ledger. Richard had not calculated upon this course of procedure, and had his reasons for objecting to it.

"80,431, 80,432, 80,433," read out the clerk aloud, and every soul in the room seemed listening to him.

"That will do," said another voice close to Richard's ear, and a light touch was laid upon his arm. Scarlet to the very temples, he looked up, and there stood the little red-whiskered man from whom he had parted not ten minutes before. A very grave expression was now in those twinkling black eyes. "I have a warrant for your apprehension, young man, upon a charge of theft," said he.

"Of theft!" said Richard, angrily. "What nonsense is this?"

"Those notes are stolen," said the little man. "Your name is Richard Yorke, is it not?"

"What's that to you?" said Richard. "I decline—"

Here the door of the manager's room was opened, and out strode Solomon Coe, with a look of cruel triumph on his harsh features. "That's your man, right enough," said he. "He'd wheedle the devil, if once you let him talk. Be off with him!"

The next moment Richard's wrists were seized, and he was hurried out between two men—his late acquaintance of the hotel and a policeman—down the bank steps, and into a fly that stood there in waiting.

"To the County Jail!" cried Solomon, as he entered the vehicle after them. Then he turned to the red-whiskered man, and inquired fiercely, why he hadn't put the darbies on the scoundrel.

"Never you mind that," was the sharp reply. "I'm responsible for the young gentleman's safe-keeping, and that's enough."

"Young gentleman! I am sure the young gentleman ought to be much obliged to you," replied Solomon, contemptuously. "Young felon, you mean."

"Nobody's a felon until after trial and conviction," observed the little man, decisively. "Let's have no misunderstanding and no obligation, Mr. Coe; that's my motto."

Here the wheels began to rumble, and a shadow fell over the vehicle and those it held: they were passing under the archway of the jail.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEAVING THE WORLD.

WHAT wondrous and surpassing change may be in store for us when the soul and body have parted company none can guess; but of all the changes of which man has experience in this world, there is probably none so great and overwhelming as that which he undergoes when, for the first time, he passes the material barrier that separates guilt from innocence, and finds himself in the clutches of the criminal law. To be no longer a free man is a position which only one who has lost his freedom is able to realize; the shock, of course, is greater or less according to his antecedents. The habitual breaker of the law is aware that sooner or later to the "stone jug" he must come; his friends have been there, and laughed and joked about it, as Eton boys who have been "swished" make merry with the block and rod, and affect to despise them; the situation is, in idea at least, familiar to him; yet even he, perhaps, feels a sinking of the heart when the door of the prison-cell clangs upon him for the first time, and shuts him from the world. The common liberty to go where we will is estimated, while we have it, at nothing; but, once denied, it becomes the most precious boon in life. How infinitely more poignant, then, must be the feelings of one thus unhappily circumstanced, to whom the idea of such a catastrophe has never occurred; who has always looked upon the law from the vantage-ground of a good social position, and acquiesced in its working with complacence, as in something which could have no personal relation to himself!

Thus it was with Richard Yorke when, for the first time, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of Mr. Dodge, the detective, and his blue-coated assistant. For the time he felt utterly unmanned, and might have even fainted, or burst into tears, but for the consciousness that Solomon Coe was sitting opposite to him. The presence of that gentleman acted as a cordial upon him; the idea that he owed his miserable position to that despised boor wounded him to the quick, but at the same time gave him an outward show of calmness: he could not have broken down before that man, though he had been standing beneath the gallows-tree. Despondency would have utterly possessed him but for hate and rage—hate of his rival and all who might be concerned in this catastrophe, and rage at the arrest itself. For, though he had not the consciousness of innocence to support him, he had no sense of guilt. He had had no intention of absolutely stealing Trevethick's money; and yet he foresaw how difficult it would be to clear himself of that grave charge. He also looked back, and perceived for the first time the magnitude of the folly which he had committed. He felt no shame for it as a crime—he had not principle enough for that; but he recognized the extent of the imprudence, and its mad audacity; yet he was mad and audacious still. He had been brought up as much his own master as any youth in England, no matter how rich or nobly born; he had never known control, nor even (except during those few days at Crompton) what it was to control himself; and he could not realize the fact that he might actually come to share the fate of common thieves; to wear a prison garb; to be shut up within stone walls for months or even years; no longer a man, but a convict, known only by his number from other jail-birds. He did not think it could even come to his standing in the felon's dock, subject to the curious gaze of a hundred eyes, the indifferent regard of the stern judge, the— In the midst of these bitter thoughts, which were indeed disputations with his fears, the fly had stopped at the jail gate, and Mr. Dodge, with a cheerful air, observed: "We must get out here, if you please, Mr. Yorke."

Richard hesitated; he was mistrustful of his very limbs, so severely had the sight of those stone walls shaken him.

"Your young friend does not seem much to like the idea of lodging here," said Solomon, with a brutal laugh.

"That is fortunate," answered the detective, dryly, "since he will not have to do so. In my profession, Mr. Coe, we hold it a mean trick to kick a man when he is down.—This way, Sir, if you please." For, at the sound of Solomon's voice, Richard was up and out in a moment. "It is merely a form that you have to go through before we go before the beak."

"A form?" asked Richard, hoarsely; "what form?"

"We shall have to search you, Sir; that's all."

"That's all," echoed Solomon, with a grin.

Richard's face changed from white to red, from red to white, by turns.

"Mr. Coe will stay where he is," said Dodge, peremptorily, as he led the way into a little room that opened from the gate-keeper's parlor.

"I thank you for that, Mr. Dodge," said Richard, gratefully.

"Not at all, Sir. If you have any thing of a compromising nature about you—revolvers or such like—that's my business and the beak's, not his.—Officer do your duty."

Richard was searched accordingly. He had no revolver; but what astonished himself more than it did the searcher was that a cigar was found loose in his breast-pocket.

"Why, this must be the one that I gave to you this morning, Mr. Dodge."

"Just so, Sir. I put it back again as we came along. You know my motto. When you come to be your own master again—which I hope 'll be soon—then I'll smoke it with you with pleasure; they'll keep it for you very careful, you may depend upon it, and baccar is a thing as don't spoil. That's a pretty bit of jewelry now—*that* is." Mr. Dodge's remark referred to a gold locket, with the word "Harry" outside it, written in diamonds; and within a portrait of her, which he had executed himself. "That's a token of some favorite brother, I dare say?"

"Yes," said Richard. "Might I keep that, if you please; or, at all events, might I ask that it should not be shown to the man in yonder room? It's my own, Mr. Dodge," added he, earnestly, "upon my word and honor."

"No doubt, Sir; no doubt. There's no charge against you except as to these notes. I must put it down on the list, because that's the law; but you can keep it, and welcome, so far as I am concerned; though I am afraid the Cross Key folks will not be so very easy with you."

"The Cross Key folks?"

"Well, Mr. Yorke, it's no use to hide from you that you will be sent to Cross Key; that's the nearest jail to Gethin, I believe. I am afraid the beak will be for committing you; the sum is so large, and the case so clear, that I doubt whether he'll entertain the question of bail. You have no friends in Plymouth, either, you told me."

"None," said Richard, sadly; "unless," he added, in a whisper, "I can count you as one."

"Officer, just fetch a glass of water," said Dodge; "the prisoner says he feels faint.—Look here, young gentleman," continued he, earnestly, as soon as they were alone, "this is no use; I can do nothing for you whatever, except wish you luck, which I do most heartily. I am as helpless as a baby in this matter. I can only give you one piece of good advice: when the beak asks if you've any thing to say, unless you have something that will clear you, and can be proved—you know best about that—say, 'I reserve my defense;' then, as soon as you're committed, ask to see your solicitor; send for Weasel of Plymouth; your friends have money, I conclude. Hush! Here's the water, young man; just sip a little, and you'll soon come round."

Not another word, either then or afterward, did Mr. Dodge exchange with his prisoner. Perhaps he began to think he had acted contrary to the motto which was his guide in life in the good-will he had already shown him. Perhaps he resented the favorable impression that the attractions and geniality of his acquaintance at the hotel had made upon him as unprofessional. At all events, during their drive from the jail to the office where the magistrate was sitting—it was not open at the hour when Richard had been arrested, or he would have been searched there—Mr. Dodge seemed to have lost all sympathy for his "young gentleman," chatting with the officer quite carelessly upon matters connected with their common calling, and even offering Mr. Coe a pinch from his snuff-box, without extending that courtesy to Yorke. Nay, when they were just at their journey's end, he had the want of feeling to look his prisoner straight in the face, and whistle an enlivening air. The melody was not so popular as it has since become, or perhaps Mr. Dodge had doubts of his ability to render it with accuracy, but, as if to inform all whom it might concern what it was that he was executing, he hummed aloud the fag-end of the tune, keeping time with his fist upon his knee, "Pop goes the weasel, pop goes the weasel."

Richard understood, and thanked him with his eyes. He had no need, however, to be reminded of the good-natured detective's word of advice. The ignominy which he had just undergone had had the effect of revealing to him the imminence as well as the full extent of the peril in which he stood. Henceforward he could think of nothing—not even revenge—save the means of extricating himself from the toils which every moment seemed to multiply about him. The time for action was, indeed, but short; if he was ever (for it already seemed "ever") to be free again, the means must be taken to deliver him at once. The assizes would be held at Cross Key—he had heard the Gethin gossips talk of them, little thinking that they would have any interest for him—in three weeks. Until then, at all events, he must be a prisoner; beyond that time he would not, dared not, look.

Within ten minutes Richard Yorke stood committed to Cross Key Jail.

He followed his friend's counsel in all respects. But the messenger dispatched for Mr. Weasel returned with the news that that gentleman was out of town; he was very busy at that season—there were other folks in difficulties besides our hero, urgent for his consolation and advice as to their course of conduct before my Lord the Judge. Mr. Dodge, however, assured Richard, upon taking leave, that he would dispatch the attorney after him that very night.

The road to Cross Key was, for many miles, the same which he had lately traveled in the reverse direction; yet how different it looked! He had been in far from good spirits on that occasion, but how infinitely more miserable was he now! The hills, the rocks, the streams were far more beautiful than he had ever thought them, but they mocked him with their beauty. He longed to get out of the vehicle, and feel the springy turf, the yielding heather, beneath his feet; to lave his hands in the sparkling brook, to lie on the moss-grown rock, and bask in the blessed sun. Perhaps he should never see them any more—these simple everyday beauties, of which he had scarcely taken any account when they were freely offered for his enjoyment. He looked back on even the day before, wherein he had certainly been wretched enough, with yearning regret. He had at least been a free man, and when should he be free again? Ah, when! He was, as it were, in a prison on wheels, guarded by two jailers. Escape would have been hopeless, even had it been judicious to make the attempt. His only consolation was, that Solomon Coe was no longer with him to jeer at his dejected looks. He had started for Gethin with the news, doubtless as welcome to Trevethick as to himself, of the prisoner's committal. What would Harry say when she came to hear of it? What would she not suffer? Richard cast himself back in his seat, and groaned aloud. The man at his side exchanged a glance with his companion. "He is guilty, this young fellow." "Without doubt, he's booked." They had their little code of signals for such occasions.

The day drew on, and the soft sweet air of evening began to rise. They had stopped here and there for refreshments, but Richard had taken nothing; he had, however, always accompanied his custodians within doors at the various halting-places. He was afraid of the crowd that might gather about the vehicle to look at the man that was being taken to prison. There was nothing to mark him as such, but it seemed to him that nobody could fail to know it. He welcomed the approach of night. They still traveled on for hours, since there was no House of Detention at which he could be placed in safety on the road; at last the wheels rumbled over the uneven stones of a little country town; they stopped before a building similar, so far as he could see by the moonlight, to that to which he had been taken at Plymouth: all jails are alike, especially to the eyes of the prisoner. A great bell was rung; there was a parley with the keeper of the gate. The whole scene resembled something which Richard remembered to have read in a book; he knew not what, nor where. A door in the wall was opened; they led him up some stone steps; the door closed behind him with a clang; and its locks seemed to bite into the stone.

"This way, prisoner," said a gruff voice.

Door after door, passage after passage; a labyrinth of stone and iron. At last he was ushered into a small chamber, unlike any thing he had ever seen in his life. His sleeping-room at the keeper's lodge at Crompton was palatial compared with it. The walls were stone; the floor of a shining brown, so that it looked wet, though it was not so. His jailer-chamberlain pointed to a low-lying hammock, stretched upon two straps between the walls. "There, tumble in," he said; "you will have your bath in the morning. Look alive!"

Richard obeyed him at once. "Good-night, warder," said he.

"Night!" grumbled the other; "it's mornin'. A pretty time to be knockin' up people at a respectable establishment. If you want any thin'—broiled bones, or deviled kidneys"—for the man was a wag in his quaint way—"ring this 'ere bell. As for the other rules and regulations of her Majesty's jail, you'll learn them at breakfast-time."

The door slammed behind him.

How the doors *did* slam in that place! And Richard was left alone. If, instead of the metal ewer of water that stood by his bed-head, there had been a glass of deadliest poison, he would have seized it greedily, and emptied it to the dregs.

EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE AT GRAVELOTTE.

IN our issue of August 20, on page 532, we gave a correct representation of that fearful weapon of modern warfare, the mitrailleuse; and to-day, on page 644, we lay before our readers a sketch taken on the spot, at Gravelotte, showing the effects produced on the Prussians by the concentrated discharge of the thirty-seven barrels constituting the piece.

Terrible as may be the havoc resulting from the fire, it is not yet quite certain that the advantages ascribed to the mitrailleuse may not be counterbalanced by some defects. However, the crucial test is being furnished by warfare such as that in which it is now being employed; and the rejection or final adoption of the weapon may well be determined for other nations by the course taken in respect to it by the French and Prussian governments.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE to FISH-EATERS—Deal gently with the herring.

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces!" "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necessary that femailes shud reseave a thurry litterary education?" "Ort femails to take part in polytix?"

A new minister at New Bedford took a stroll before breakfast on the first Sunday he was there, and after walking a dozen blocks was accosted by a shabby-looking individual with: "You needn't look any further; there ain't any saloon open."

An unfortunate Indian missionary has had his sermon reported as follows: "The speaker was a deduction, and gave a learned description of Satan and his skill in sawing trees." The unhappy preacher wrote a piteous remonstrance to the editor of the paper which had published this *résumé*, to say that he was a Dutchman, and not a deduction, and that he had described Satan not as sawing trees, but sowing tares.

An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid roared out: "Now, you jes let 'lone. Wan' no slobberin' round me. I allus come down stairs that way."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

In the grave-yard at Childwald, England, are the following queer epitaphs:

"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call 'Oysters!'"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these 'ere vaults."

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a grammar while sleeping, in order that she may dream correctly.

Laziness is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "See here," was the reply, uttered in a hiccough and accent of a drunken man; "what did you give license for?"

A "backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that is just what I want."

A grand jury ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing. Before the judge discharged him from custody he called up the accused and said to him, "You can go now, John; but let me warn you never to appear here again." John replied, with a broad grin, "I wouldn't been here dis time only de constable fetch me."

"No, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "you needn't rearrange your hair. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you tried."

"Boy!" cried out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, Sir; I'm no boy, Sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more."

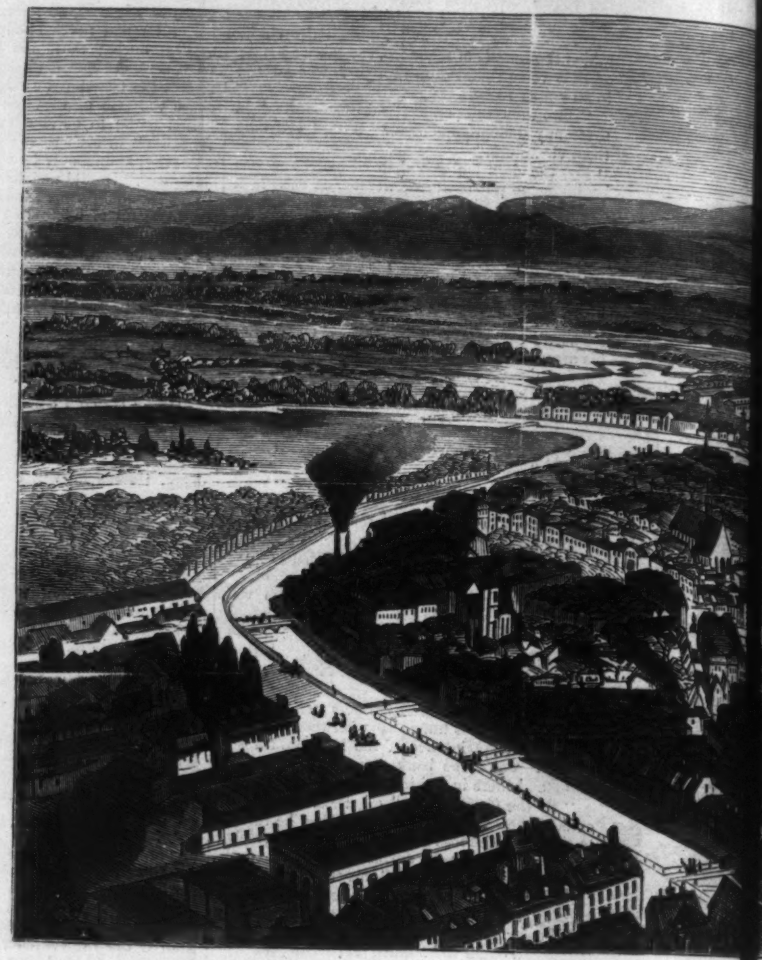
A traveler, being at a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, Sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveler; "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other.

Lovers of tobacco are now designated "Tobaccophagoi," and the gratification of their taste in this regard, which ignorant people call "chawin'" or "smokin'," is henceforth to be known as "Tobaccophagonism."

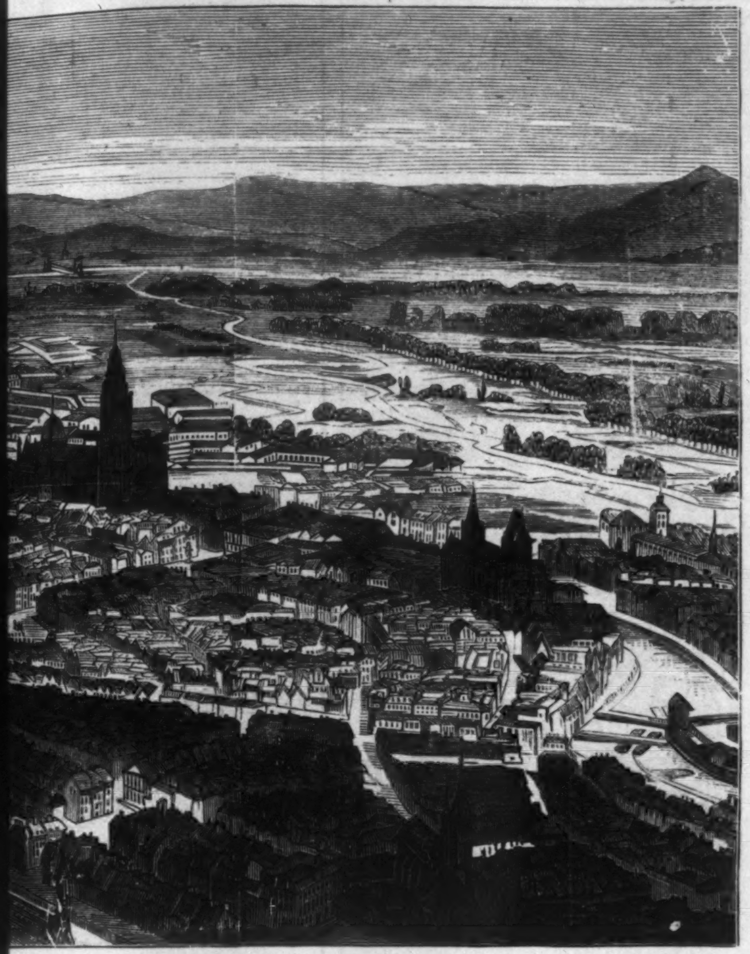
"Washington," exclaimed a member of a Nashville debating club, in stentorian tones—"Washington was a great man; he was a good man; he was a noble man; his mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man."

"Can't you manage to give my son one of the prizes at the exhibition?" asked a mother of a teacher. "No, madam," was the reply. "Your son will stand no chance; he obstinately persists in idleness." "Oh, but then," exclaimed the fond mamma, "if that's so, you can give him a prize for perseverance!"

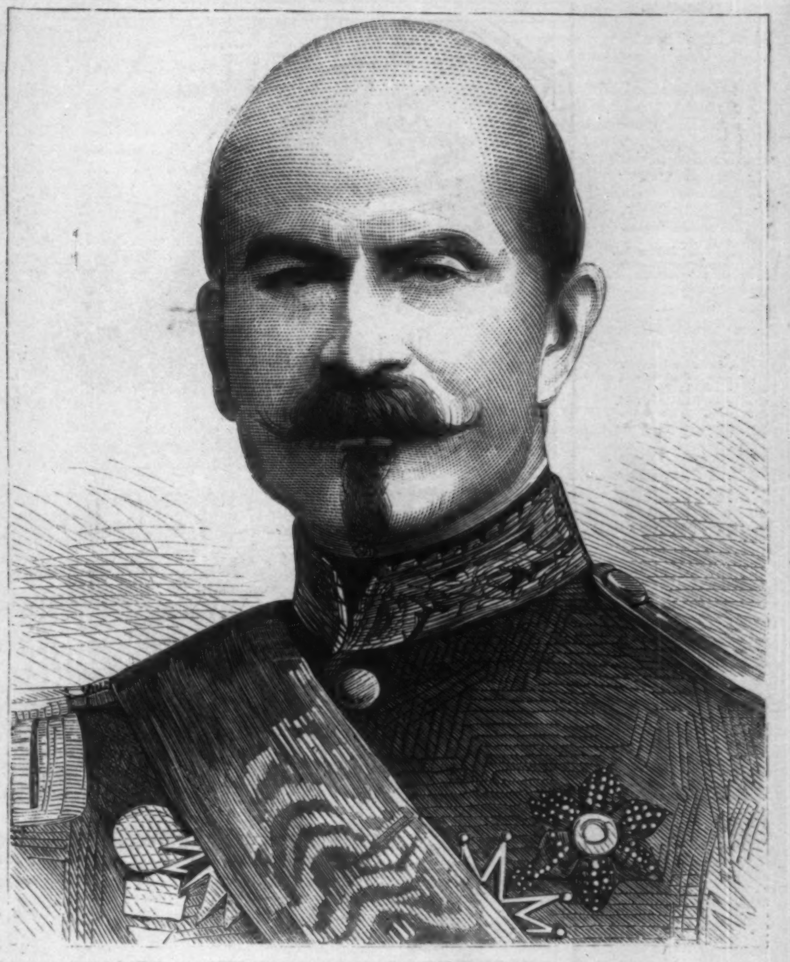
GENERAL UHRICH, COMMANDING AT STRASBOURG.—[See Page 651.]


VIEW OF STRASB[OUR]G.

BRINGING UP THE G[UNS].—[S



...B...G.—[See Page 651.]



GENERAL TROCHU, GOVERNOR OF PARIS.—[See Page 651.]

...G...—[See Poem, Page 646.]

Churches.

1. St. Pierre (Basilique de).
2. Sa. Agnese.
3. S. Agostino.
4. S. Andrea delle Fratte.
5. S. Andrea (di Monte Cavallo).
6. S. Andrea della Vallee.
7. S. S. Apostoli.
8. S. Bartolomeo.
9. Sa. Bibiana.
10. Cappucini.
11. S. Carlo a' Catinari.
12. S. Carlo al Corso.
13. S. Carlo alle 4 Fontane.
14. Sa. Cecilia.
15. S. Clemente.
16. S. Cosmo et Damiano.
17. S. Croce in Gerusalemme (Ba.)
18. Sa. Francesca Romana.
19. Gesù.
20. S. Giovanni de Firentini.
21. S. Jean de Latran (Bica.)
22. S. Girolamo de Schiavoni.
23. S. Gregorio.
24. S. Ignazio.
25. S. Isidoro.
26. S. Lorenzo in Lucina.
27. S. Luigi de' Francesi.
28. S. Marco.
29. S. Marcello.
30. Sa. Maria degli Angeli.
31. —— dell' Anima.
32. —— in Ara Cœli.
33. —— in Campitelli.
34. —— in Cosmedin.
35. —— in Domnica.
36. —— di Loretto.
37. Ste. Marie Majeure (Ba.)
38. Sa. Maria Sopra Minerva.
39. Sa. Maria dell' Orto.
40. —— della Pace.
41. —— del Popolo.
42. —— in Trastevere.
43. —— in Vallicella.
44. —— della Vittoria.
45. S. Martino a Monti.
46. S. S. Nereo e Achilleo.
47. S. Onofrio.
48. S. Pietro in Montorio.
49. S. Pietro in Vincoti.
50. Sa. Prassede.
51. Sa. Pudenziana.
52. Sa. Sabina.
53. S. Silvestro.
54. S. Stefano Rotondo.
55. Sa. Trinita de Monti.
56. Sa. Trinita de Pellegrini.

Public Establishments.

57. Pal. Pontificio al Vaticano.
58. —— al Quirinale.
59. Pal. a S. Giov. in Laterano.
60. Pal. dla. Cancellaria.
61. Pal. de Conservatori (au Capitole).
62. Collegio de Propaga. Fide.
63. —— Romano.
64. —— della Sapienza.
65. Accademia di S. Luca.
66. Ospedale di S. Spirito.

Private Palaces.

67. Barberini.
68. Borghese.
69. Braschi.
70. Chigi.
71. Colonna.
72. Corsini.
73. Costaguti.
74. Doria Pamfili.
75. Farnése.
76. Giraud (Torlonia).
77. Giustiniani.
78. Massimi.
79. Mattei.
80. Odescalchi.
81. Rospigliosi.
82. Sciarra.
83. Spada.
84. Torlonia.
85. di Venezia.

Villas.

86. Farnesina.
87. Ludovisi.
88. Massimi.
89. Medicis (Acad. de France).
90. Mills (Spada).

Theatres.

91. Th. di Apollo.
92. —— Valle.
93. —— Argentina.
94. —— Metastasio.

Antiquities.

95. Cloaca Maxima.
96. Arc de Titus.
97. —— Septime Sevère.
98. —— Constantin.
99. —— Janus Quadrifrons.
n. Colonne Trajane.
c. —— Antonine.
100. Basilique de Constantin.
101. Temple d'Antonin et Faustine.
102. T. d'Antonin (Dogana di Ta.)
(95) T. de Vesta.
103. T. de la Fortune Virile.
104. T. de Pallas Minerva.
105. Panthéon.
106. Théâtre de Marcellus.

Places.

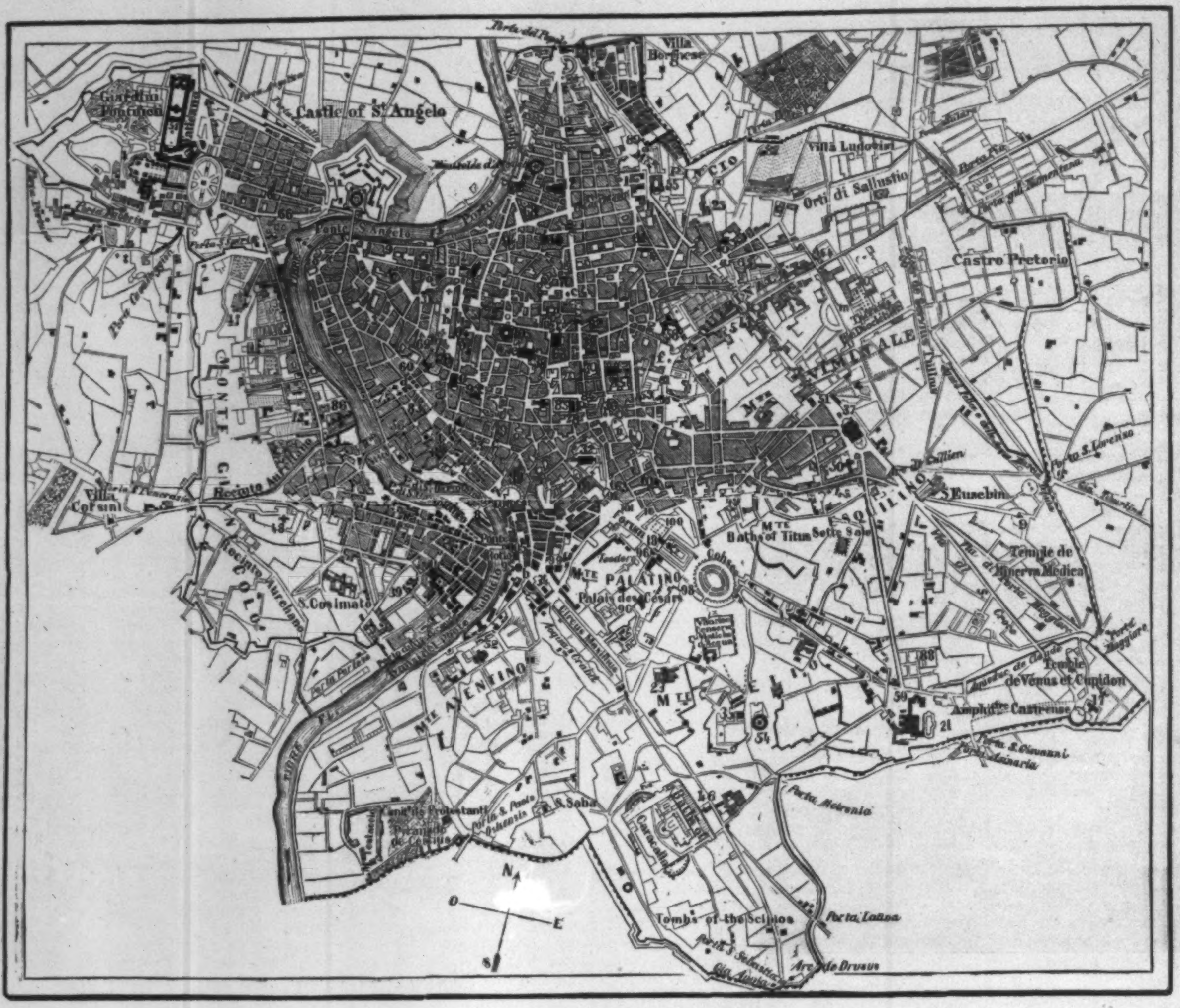
a. Barberina.
b. della Bocca della Verita.
*. del Campidoglio (Capitole).
c. Colonna.
d. Farnese.
e. della Minerva.
f. di Monte Cavallo.
g. —— Citorio.
h. Navona.
i. del Popolo.
k. delle Quattro Fontane.
l. di Spagna.
m. de' Termini.
n. Trajana.
o. Trinita de Monti.
p. di Venezia.

Fountains.

q. Paolina.
r. delle Tartarughe.
s. di Trevi.

t. Promenade publique.

v. Office de la Police (Palais de Citorio).
x. Poste aux lettres.
*. Monte Capitolino.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF ROME.

PYGMALION EVIL-STARRED.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

STEWART ARMSTRONG was a dreamer—in the best sense of the word, perhaps, but still a dreamer. He had an income large enough for a bachelor to live and travel on, and he did nothing to add to it—only lived and traveled. He was an American of that class who love to fly to Europe for a holiday, and return to their home as a school-boy goes back to school, with heavy looks. Life in the United States was always too energetic for him, he said; and so he loved to languish and dream in old cathedral cities of Europe, and by the banks of famous rivers, over which brood classic memories like mists, and under the shadows of Alpine peaks. He loved books, and loved to criticise them, but had never written any thing; he delighted in paintings, and never painted; in music, and never sang or played; he was an enthusiastic, poetic admirer of woman in general, woman "in the abstract," as Sydney Smith's Scotch lady might have said; and he had never loved any woman in his life. Now he was approaching that melancholy, poetic period of existence when one is supposed to take a farewell of the poetic; that period which is to the man or woman what the autumn is to the year, or the sunset to the day. In plain words, he had left youth behind him, but its light was on him yet. A few years more and he would get into the cheery, contented, fire-light glow of middle age, when a man knows what he is and is to be, and hopes no more and regrets no more, but takes what comes good-humoredly, and lets his days go by without reflecting on them or on himself. That is the *bourgeois* time of life. Really great men, though they plow the fields, never reach it; your commonplace king comes to it as surely as you or I must do.

Stewart Armstrong was now, when this story came into his life, in Paris. He had established himself pleasantly in a little *appartement* not too high up in one of the avenues of the Champs Elysées. The night when the story opens he was sitting alone smoking a cigar, drinking Bordeaux, and contemplating his latest acquisition—something he had bought, and was very proud of, and fond of, and did not well know what he should do with when the time should come for him to pack up his portmanteaus and leave Europe.

This acquisition was a statue, or rather a plaster-cast, life-size, the original of which Armstrong had never seen, and which he had bought in one of the dear old dirty shops of the Quartier Latin, of a seller who knew no more about the statue than he did. It was the figure of a woman draped in a costume that was partly classic, but whose face and form were not of classic, at least not of Greek type. The head was large, the forehead broad, clear, and powerful; the eyebrows were slightly contracted, as if the woman were gazing anxiously after some far-distant object, and the whole attitude suited that expression, for the woman was seated, her chin supported on one hand, which rested on her knee, while the other arm and hand hung listlessly down. It might have been an Ariadne, a Sappho, a Corinna, looking far across the waves for the lover who was never to come; it might have been a poetess seeking inspiration; a being full of noble aspiration yearning vaguely for an unfound ideal—an ideal probably never to be found. The face was not specially beautiful. Nine out of every ten who saw it would perhaps never have suspected that it had any beauty whatever; but the tenth man, who found out the peculiar charm of the face, would have prized it all the more because it was not patent to every eye, and would have cherished it as a treasure of which the value was known only to himself. The face was beautiful only because it expressed the melancholy and the yearning which poets call divine. This was why Stewart Armstrong admired and delighted in the statue.

"Now," he said to himself, half jestingly, when he first had the statue set up in his room, "if the world is full of embodied souls seeking other embodied souls which are affined to them, there is the statue of the very woman who is seeking me, and whom I am seeking. If I had only the good fortune of Pygmalion, and could animate that plaster form with my breath, and make it rise and descend from its pedestal, and throw its arms, no longer hard and cold, around me!"

He drew his chair straight in front of the figure, and kept looking at it steadily for a long time, and thinking—offering incense to his idol, it must be owned, all the time, by aid of his cigar. He fell so deeply into contemplation of the face and figure that a friend, Charles Bryce, who had called for him that they might go to the theatre together, tapped at his door more than once in vain, and at last came in, and seeing Stewart Armstrong lying silently back in his chair, concluded that he was fast asleep, and gently laying his hand upon the supposed slumberer's shoulder, was amazed to find him broad awake.

Stewart started up, a little ashamed, and said nothing to his friend about his reflections and aspirations—did not even call his attention to the figure, and was secretly glad that Charles Bryce only glanced at it, and did not seem to think it worth saying any thing about. He was shy already about his feelings toward this poor piece of discolored plaster, as a bachelor verging to middle age often is when it is discovered that he is drifting into love of some woman.

This was the year of the *Biche aux Bois*, and Bryce was a fresh arrival from the States, delighted to see every thing that happened to be in season. Poor Stewart sacrificed himself cheerfully to his friend, and they went to the Porte St. Martin. It was a terribly dreary performance to Stewart, but he sat it out without a murmur, thinking all the while of his Ariadne, or Corinna, or whoever she might be, whose plaster form was the goddess of his shrine in the Champs Elysées. The performance came to an end at last; but then the friends had to sup, and Bryce knew no weariness in the matter of supper and Champagne.

It was nearly two o'clock when Armstrong, having seen his friend safely to the Louvre Hotel, where Bryce was staying, and of which the great gates had long been closed, turned away to walk through the Champs Elysées home. He felt a certain thrill of happiness on being released from his friend; a free joy in his loneliness; a relief which poor Bryce, who thought they had been spending the jolliest evening possible, could never have understood.

There was a glorious moon shining as Armstrong crossed the Place de la Concorde and entered the Champs Elysées. A carriage, driving quickly across the Place from the quarter whence he had come, was about to pass him, when its path was crossed by a hired *voiture*, dashing, at remarkable speed for a Paris conveyance, from the Rue Royal, across to the bridge. So the private carriage was forced to check its pace, and it stopped quite close to our hero. He glanced in through the window, and there he saw, in the bright moonlight, something which made him start, and gaze, and start again.

Only a woman dressed in white, sole occupant of the carriage. She was bending forward, her chin supported on one hand, which rested on her knee, and she was looking vaguely forth at the moon or the scene. The pale, massive, thoughtful, yearning face flashed across Stewart's eyes. He saw it but in profile, and for a moment. The *voiture de remise* went on its way; the private carriage took its course. But Stewart had seen enough; for the lady in the carriage seemed to him the living embodiment of his statue. The pallid moonlight, the white drapery, the attitude of the lady, might doubtless have wrought well with the American's peculiar mood to produce the fancied effect; but his mind would now listen to no question of fancy. He was firmly convinced he had seen the living embodiment of his ideal—that he had found at last his fate. So, indeed, he had.

He gave mad chase, and pursued the carriage. It did not go very far, luckily for him. There is a street quite near the Palace Elysée—a street of houses which are built after the English or American pattern—every one who knows Paris will remember it. There the carriage stopped, and our friend came panting up quite in time to see the lady get out and enter a house and disappear.

It would be superfluous to say that he observed closely the situation and number of the house. Indeed he hung about the spot as if it had some marvelous and magnetic attraction for him. At last he went home in the brightening dawn.

When he entered his room he fancied he heard a sigh—apparently the sigh of a woman—yet the room was lonely as he had left it. Only the plaster form of his Corinna or Ariadne occupied a place there. The sigh he thought he heard seemed to come from where the figure sat on its pedestal in the dawn, but it was doubtless the breathing of the wind as Stewart opened the door.

He slept little, and was in the Champs Elysées before long. He watched the one particular street for nearly all the day, but the lady he had seen did not make her appearance.

It is not difficult in Paris to find out a good deal about any body whose place of residence you know. Armstrong soon found out the name and something of the history of his mysterious lady.

She was a Frenchwoman who had married an Englishman, and lived for a long time in the West Indies. She had but lately returned to France a widow. Her name was Gabrielle Marie Randolph. Stewart also found that she was well acquainted with an American family he knew, and who had often vainly invited him to pass an occasional evening in their pleasant *salon*.

Need it be said that he very soon presented himself there? The lady he looked for did not appear, but his hostess told him of her in reply to his questions. Gabrielle Randolph was the most charming creature in the world. She had not been happy in her married life. She was not very young—quite thirty at the least. She was beautiful and gifted—a poetess, his hostess thought, at which latter qualification, perhaps, Stewart was not so much delighted, having the prejudice of a certain class of languid Americans against women who actually write. Stewart's friend almost undertook to have Gabrielle there on a night in the coming week.

Till then Stewart could only gaze of nights and mornings on his statue. As the night drew near when he was to meet Gabrielle he almost trembled, and wished he had never known of her, so fearful was he of being disappointed. The moment he entered Mrs. Raymond's *salon* he saw her—his statue's living counterpart. He thought he had never seen any thing at once more noble and more tender than the expression of her face and the light of her eyes. All the melancholy beauty, the dignified sadness, of an exquisite sunset was on her clear brow.

When Mrs. Raymond presented Stewart to Gabrielle the latter almost started, and a flush came over the face that had been so pale. They were left together, and they talked, constrainedly for a while, then more freely; at last Stewart feared he was becoming too obviously absorbed, and when some one else came near her he withdrew. He had talked enough with her to find the charm of her intelligence, her thought, her words, her tones, equal to any thing he could have dreamed of. In a word, he had found his ideal.

It was not very long before the acquaintance grew so close that he could tell her of his statue and his Pygmalion longings for its vivification, and the sudden, wonderful way in which his longings had been gratified. She could tell him that even in the moment when her carriage passed him on the Place de la Concorde she had seen his face and noted it, and remembered it afterward and dreamed of it, and therefore started when he was presented to her in the *salon* of Mrs. Raymond. In a word, these two were in love, and had confessed it now to each other, and were to be soon married, and were happy.

For Stewart, he was like one who breathed a new, bright, and beatific atmosphere. All that was beautiful and hopeful in life seemed to have suffused itself into the air he inhaled. Love came to him without any pangs—all radiant, roseate, delightful.

He began to neglect his plaster treasure. Not that he was ungrateful to it, or loved it less, but that the living realization of his dreams absorbed his whole heart and mind now.

One memorable night Stewart attended his *fiancée* to her home. They had been to the Opera, and it was somewhat late when they returned. As they drove into the street a man was lounging along in the moonlight—it was a night as bright as that on which they first saw each other, and they had been speaking softly of that auspicious time. Gabrielle looked out of the carriage window, and suddenly gave a scream, and flung herself back affrighted.

Stewart, alarmed, caught her in his arms, and endeavored to learn the cause of her sudden outburst of fear. She recovered herself in a moment, and asked, in a tone that still trembled:

"Did you see any one—a man—there—on the foot-path?"

"Yes—a man—certainly, dearest. He went round the corner just now. What of him?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing! Only a wild fancy of mine. Oh, Stewart, if I could believe in ghosts, I should believe that I had seen one now! If the dead could come from their graves to torture the living, I should believe that one dead had come from his grave to torture me."

"Gabrielle, love, whom do you fear? What do you speak of? I will follow the man, and find out who he is!"

"No, no, for God's sake! I know it is only a fancy of mine—a foolish, wild fancy. And yet I could not bear to think of your following that man, and you and he looking into each other's eyes. How foolish this is you would know if I could tell you all; but I can not now."

They were standing now on the steps of the house in which she lived. He was reluctant to leave her, but she assured him that she was now quite composed, and had almost forgotten her first alarm. Yet there was an ominous sadness in the tone of her voice as she bade him good-night—a clinging, fearful fondness in the pressure of her hand, as if she dreaded to let him go.

Stewart looked out keenly every where as he walked homeward for the man who had alarmed Gabrielle so strangely. He thought he should recognize the figure again, although he had only seen it for a moment. The impression it had made on him was disagreeable; it seemed the figure of a man one would not particularly care to meet suddenly on a dark night if one were unarmed. This was, indeed, only a momentary and vague impression; but Stewart felt convinced he should recognize the man again if he saw him. He saw no one, however, whose form made the same impression on him; and he tried to think nothing of the whole affair.

On one point he felt certain. The man, whoever he was, had reminded Gabrielle of her late husband. Stewart had heard enough to know that the man had been an utter scoundrel; a libertine, a gambler, a swindler, a ruffian. He was dead, to be sure; but Gabrielle's life had been so darkened by him that it was little wonder if even a form which reminded her of him could startle her out of all composure.

Stewart went home, and gazed at his statue this night with a profound, mournful earnestness he had not felt for a long time. Something, he could not tell what, made him disinclined to go to bed. He lay upon a sofa in his sitting-room, and at last fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he seemed to hear a wild scream piercing the air and calling his name. He started up, and had hardly time even to think whether the cry was part of a disturbed dream or a very reality, when a loud crash, close to his ear, broke horridly upon the silence of the sleeping house; and in the light, faint as it was, that glimmered through the shutters, he saw that his cherished statue had fallen from its pedestal, and was smashed into a thousand pieces.

Why was it that he did not stop to lament over the fall of his idol, or even to consider how it had happened? What was there that made him at once connect its fall with the wild idea of some danger to Gabrielle? He never could tell; but now he seized his hat, rushed down stairs, unlocked the great door, and darted into the street. At full speed he tore along in the gray of the morning to Gabrielle's house; and lo! as he came in sight of it, he saw the man of the previous night creep cautiously down the steps, as if he had just crossed the threshold from within.

Stewart sprang at him, and seized him.

"What have you been doing there?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Just spending a quiet hour with my wife," was the reply, delivered with a savage scowl and sneer. "I am Gabrielle Randolph's husband. She thought me dead, but she was mistaken. She was in too great a hurry to believe me dead. You are the Yankee who was to have married her, are you? Sorry to have crossed your love; but she is my wife, all the same."

"This is not true," groaned poor Armstrong.

"Is it not? Ask *her* to-morrow; she will tell you. Have you any thing more to say?"

Stewart turned away without a word, and staggered home like one who is drunk. There, in the dawn now clearing, lay the symbol of his ruined hopes and love destroyed—the broken statue.

When the sun rose and the world awoke he resolved that he would go straightway and see *her*, and learn all the truth from her own lips. But before he could leave the house Gabrielle's maid brought a letter for him from her mistress. With trembling hands he opened it and read:

"Dearest and only Love,—I can not live with you; I will not live without you. I did not deceive you, but was myself cruelly deceived. Only one way now is left to me. I escape from a life which henceforward would be too hideous for endurance. Oh, forgive me, that I have blighted your life; and when you can lift your head from this sorrow, think of me with love!

"Not in life, but at least in death, your own

"Gabrielle."

Stewart Armstrong rushed like a madman to her house. It was all in commotion. He came too late. The moment she dismissed her maid with the letter Gabrielle flung herself on her bed, and they found her there with a tiny dagger—a pretty toy that used to lie on her dressing-table—driven into her heart. The determined, despairing hand that had driven it home still clung around its hilt.

The husband of the unhappy woman disappeared again into the darkness, and was seen no more. Stewart Armstrong still lives—a hopeless, gloomy man, prematurely old, who wanders about Europe purposeless as a ghost.

GENERAL UHRICH.

General Uhrich, the commander of the defenses of Strasbourg, is in his sixty-ninth year, having been born at Phalsbourg in the year 1802. In 1820 he left the military school of St. Cyr as Sous-Lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Light Infantry, with which he served through the Spanish campaign of 1823, being present at the siege of Pampeluna.

His promotion was not very rapid, for it was not until 1848 that he became Colonel of his old regiment, the Third Infantry; in 1852 General of Brigade, and in 1855 General of Division, his present rank. This last promotion he obtained by brilliant service during the siege of Sebastopol. In 1857 he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 Grand Officer of the same order.

General Uhrich is well known to the people of Strasbourg and the vicinity, having been born in the province, and held command of the subdivision of the Bas-Rhine for some years.

Since the commencement of the siege General Uhrich has issued very stringent orders respecting Prussian spies who are believed to be inside the fortifications, and to whom short shrift is to be given if detected.

The General has two brothers, one a distinguished officer in the army, the other an Intendant-General. He has also a son and nephews serving on his staff.

From the excellent portrait given on our double page our readers may judge that General Uhrich retains all the vigor and energy of youth, despite his near approach to the Psalmist's threescore and ten.

STRASBOURG.

This city, of which we give a view on our double page, is now a fortress of the first-class, but of very irregular shape, being about three miles long by two miles wide, and is seven and a half miles in circumference. It is situated on the rivers Ill and Bruche, which flow into the Rhine within a mile of the city, and is surrounded by a bastioned wall, with deep ditches, flanked by numerous exterior works. The wall is pierced by seven gates: those of *Blanche* and *De Saverne* toward the west, *Haguenau* to the northeast, *Juifs* and *Pecheurs* to the north, and the *Dauphin* and *L'Hôpital* gates to the south. The Blanche and Haguenau gates are defended by peculiarly strong redoubts. The citadel with its five bastions, at the eastern extremity of the city, was constructed by the celebrated engineer Vauban.

The river Ill, entering the city at the southeast, forming a grand sluice to the fortifications, by which the whole environs could be inundated, divides within the walls into several smaller streams, which are reunited as they leave the city on the northeast. The principal branch of the Ill, called Bruche, washes the central and eastern portions of the city, and receives on the right the canal of the Rhine, which gives to Strasbourg a direct communication with that river. Forty-seven bridges span the different branches of the Ill, nine of which are of stone, and arched. Strasbourg, before the commencement of hostilities, boasted a population of eighty thousand, who dwelt in generally well-built houses, and had the advantage of fine promenades on the banks of the various streams.

The Cathedral has ever been one of the great sights of Europe, its tower being considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture. Indeed, Strasbourg is full of splendid buildings—the Château Royal, built by Cardinal De Rohan; the Church of St. Thomas, which contains the tomb of Marshal De Saxe; the Hôtel de Luxhof, where, in olden days, dwelt the Emperors of Germany; these and many other magnificent monuments of art and skill are now being ruthlessly destroyed by the Prussian bombardment.

GENERAL TROCHU.

Six weeks ago this able military officer was appointed Governor of Paris and commander-in-chief of the forces collected for the defense of the beautiful capital of France, and has now been nominated President of the Republic. General Trochu is fifty-five years of age, and in his youth was a pupil of the military school of St. Cyr and of the Staff School. He enjoys a very high reputation for military ability, which, however, has never until now been tested by an independent command. He served in Algeria on the staff of Marshal Bugeaud, and in the Crimea as one of St. Arnaud's aids-de-camp. After the Marshal's death he was promoted to the rank of General of a Brigade of Infantry, which he held until the close of the Russian war. During the Italian campaign of 1859, which was ended by the victory of Solferino, he served with distinction in command of a division. Since that time he has been a member of the Consulting Staff Committee at the Ministry of War, and at the end of 1866 he was specially appointed to consider and report upon plans for a reorganization of the French army, in consequence of the aggrandizement of Prussia. In the following year he published anonymously a book entitled "The French Army in 1867," which attracted great attention, and passed through ten editions in six months. In it he severely criticised the organization of the French army, and especially the consequences of those changes under the Empire which tended to render the soldiery a separate and professional caste, severed in interest and feeling from their civilian countrymen. He received no appointment in the Army of the Rhine when the present war broke out; but it is understood that he was to have commanded the land forces which were to have composed the Baltic Expedition, but which were recalled from Cherbourg and Brest to defend Paris and Metz.

The portrait on our double page is from a photograph by Disderi, of Paris.

PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC.

On Saturday, the 3d of September, the total defeat of M'Mahon and his army was announced to the Corps Législatif. The Count De Palikao, essaying to palliate the terrible disaster, would not be listened to; but Jules Favre was, when he proposed to vest all power in the hands of General Trochu. No action, however, was then taken; but on the following day, Sunday, the 4th, the populace invaded the legislative halls, shouting "*Vive la République*," and in the midst of the greatest disorder and tumult, but unaccompanied by any actual violence, the President put on his hat, and retired with the Count De Palikao and other members of the Ministry. Whereupon, finding it impossible to obtain any hearing inside of the Chambers, M. Gambetta, accompanied by the members of the Left, proceeded to the steps of the Corps Législatif, and there announced the dethronement of the Emperor to the people assembled outside. Our readers will infer, from the sketch of the scene on page 652, that M. Gambetta found considerable difficulty here also in making himself heard by the immense throng in front of and around him. They then hurried to the Hôtel de Ville, and installed themselves as a Provisional Government. Within an hour or two afterward, by the simple display of a few bayonets, possession was secured of the various ministries, the Prefecture of Police, the telegraphs, and the printing-machines of the *Journal Officiel*, and, presto! the Empire is changed into a Republic. The Parisians have made so many revolutions that they have been enabled to reduce the mode of proceeding to a formula, and the overturning of a throne is with them like any well-rehearsed scene in a play.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When first it was rumored that Christine Nilsson might cross the Atlantic to sing in the metropolis of America, the lovers of music expected a treat. And now that she has come, and they have heard her wonderful voice, their delight and admiration have been most enthusiastic. Never has any *artiste* been more warmly received by a critical American audience than this young, beautiful, and gifted Swede. The purity and delicacy of her voice, combined with extraordinary clearness, power, and feeling, the wonderful capacity she exhibits to interpret every emotion and passion hidden in the music she sings, as well as her graceful beauty and unaffected demeanor, have won fresh laurels for her in this country. On the evening of Mlle. Nilsson's first appearance in Steinway Hall a storm of floral offerings testified the appreciation of the audience; and at the close of the performance a number of her own countrymen, with the notes of an exquisite Swedish ballad lingering in their ears, awaited her entrance into her carriage, and, substituting themselves for the horses, enthusiastically drew her to her hotel.

The company which supports Mlle. Nilsson during the present engagement includes several artists of celebrity, and the concerts have been a rare enjoyment to the music-loving public.

Strasbourg has long been famous for its *pâtés de foie gras*, made of the livers of geese, which are enlarged to an unnatural size by the process of stuffing the birds up singly in coops too narrow to allow them to turn, and stuffing them twice a day with maize formed into a paste. The winter is the season for fattening them, coolness being essential. These coops are very common in all houses. Instances are known of a goose's liver having attained the weight of two or three pounds.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago a "Magnetic Well" has been discovered, which is capable of supplying that city with at least 1500 barrels a day, and still leave a good quantity for bathing purposes. It is the unanimous opinion of all who have tasted this water that it must be highly medicinal.

Paris is deserted by the fashionable world, society is dispersed, and foreigners have quitted the once gay city. A lady writing from that city says:

"To describe the popular state of feeling would be impossible; it is agitated beyond expression; and yet there is dullness and aching in our hearts. The shops are open, but nobody enters them to make purchases; the streets are filled with men. As a rule, the families of the richer class among our population have gone from our midst, thus freeing themselves from participation in the common danger. Parisian invention now only serves to supply foreign markets. There are no home buyers. Our leading *modistes*, sad to say, are solely occupied with mourning toilets, for it is easy to understand that, with the frightful slaughter in the army, there is scarcely a family that has not personally to lament the loss of at least one relative. In whatever *modiste's* establishment you enter, black surrounds you on all sides."

The following humorous *malapropos* incident is recorded: It happened the other day that the Crown Prince praised the Bavarians for their bravery in the presence of some soldiers belonging to that corps. "Yes, your Royal Highness," remarked one of them, "had you only led us in 1866" (meaning the time when they were fighting against Prussia), "we should have beaten those confounded Prussians."

The Parisians have named a street leading from the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées, *M'Mahon*.

The City Hall Park is at present in a state of fearful confusion. The old gas-pipes are being removed, the sidewalks are torn up, and a passage across it is any thing but agreeable. In a few weeks, however, we are promised order out of this confusion. Many improvements are being made which will add greatly to the beauty of this park.

When 40,000 Parisians all at once, as if moved by some sudden and universal fear, took the quick resolve to abandon their homes, their fields, and stores to seek shelter behind the fortifications of the city, never, perhaps, was such a scene beheld. Long before dawn did the sad procession begin, and until midnight of that memorable Sunday did it last without a moment's intermission. Vehicles of every shape, size, and burden—from the heavy furniture-van, with its rumbling, unsteady pace, to the humble hand-cart drawn wearily along by the poor mother, whose little stock of household goods was surmounted by the younger children, while the elder ones trudged wearily by her side—crowded the streets to that extent that the omnibuses were compelled to move at a snail's pace among them. The most brilliant carriages were applied, in many cases, to the same base uses. A whole history was written in that single episode. Many families who had been compelled to hire three and four heavy coaches for the conveyance of their goods were forced to follow them on foot. The rush was so sudden and so tremendous that the most exorbitant prices were demanded for the hire of vehicles even of the humblest description.

Famine and pestilence are following in the wake of the great European war. An immense area of country has been laid waste; thousands are homeless, breadless, and destitute of every thing. On the ground of common humanity an appeal has been made to the American people to send relief to the wounded and suffering.

The College of the City of New York is overflowing with students. We understand that it opened with over eight hundred scholars, while the capacity of the chapel is not much above seven hundred. Probably the number will be somewhat diminished by the eight weeks' probation. A new building is in the process of construction, which is designed to accommodate the lower classes of the college.

When the imperial apartments of the Tuileries were forcibly entered, after the flight of the Empress, there were traces every where of a most precipitate departure. Empty trunks and boxes were strewn about. In passing through the suit of rooms which had belonged to the Emperor and his son the first thing that attracted attention was a child's sword lying on a sofa, half drawn from the scabbard, while on the floor in the same room, amidst torn numbers of the *Gaulois*, the *Opinion Nationale*, and the *Figaro*, lay the holster of a revolver. In all the drawers broken jewel-cases were to be seen. In the Emperor's drawing-room was the palace diary, with the page relating to the 4th of September half torn away. In the corridors, which are ordinarily kept lighted, the lamps seemed to have been recently extinguished, and to have left behind them a faint odor of oil. In another room were the remains of breakfast, which had evidently been cut short. It was of very simple fare, consisting only of boiled eggs and bread and cheese. No damage was done by the mob to the interior of the Tuileries.

A visitor to the American Institute Fair will find, in the examination of the numerous articles on exhibition, abundant and pleasurable occupation for many hours. Those who have but a limited time to spend there may fail to discover any system of classification, so incongruous is the apparent arrangement. The following classification may assist in comprehending matters: 1. Art; 2. Comfort and Elegance in Homes; 3. Personal Comforts; 4. Applied Science; 5. Engines; 6. Intercommunication; 7. Agriculture. The second department occupies more room than any of the others, excepting machinery, and will specially interest those who have, or hope to have, homes of their own. The fair will continue open through October.

The heroic defense of Phalsbourg by its governor is another instance of history repeating itself. In 1814, when Governor Moulin was summoned to surrender, he replied, "I will surrender the town when the howitzers set my pocket-handkerchief on fire."

After the battle of Sadowa the streets about the residence of Bismarck were thronged with enthusiastic people, who vociferated for a speech. After many calls, Bismarck rose from his seat in the most indifferent manner, and saying to those with him, "If the battle had gone the other way they would have been here to mob me—*such* is fame," he walked to the balcony and merely bowed his acknowledgments, with a few words of praise to the *soldiers* who had won Sadowa.

A couple of Western editors thus sum up their worldly possessions: "Mrs. Editor (par value), $1,000,000; one five-years-old editor, $500,000; one seven-weeks-old editress, $250,000; cash on hand, 43 cents; due on account, $1; sundries, 12 cents; total, $1,750,001 55." The second editor is better off, according to his own reckoning: "Mrs. Editor, $2,000,000; one six-years-old editor, $1,000,000; one four-years-old editor, $700,000; one two-years-old editress, $500,000; one editress one week old, $400,000; cash on hand, $00 02; due on account, 15 cents; sundries, 9 cents; total, $4,600,000 26."

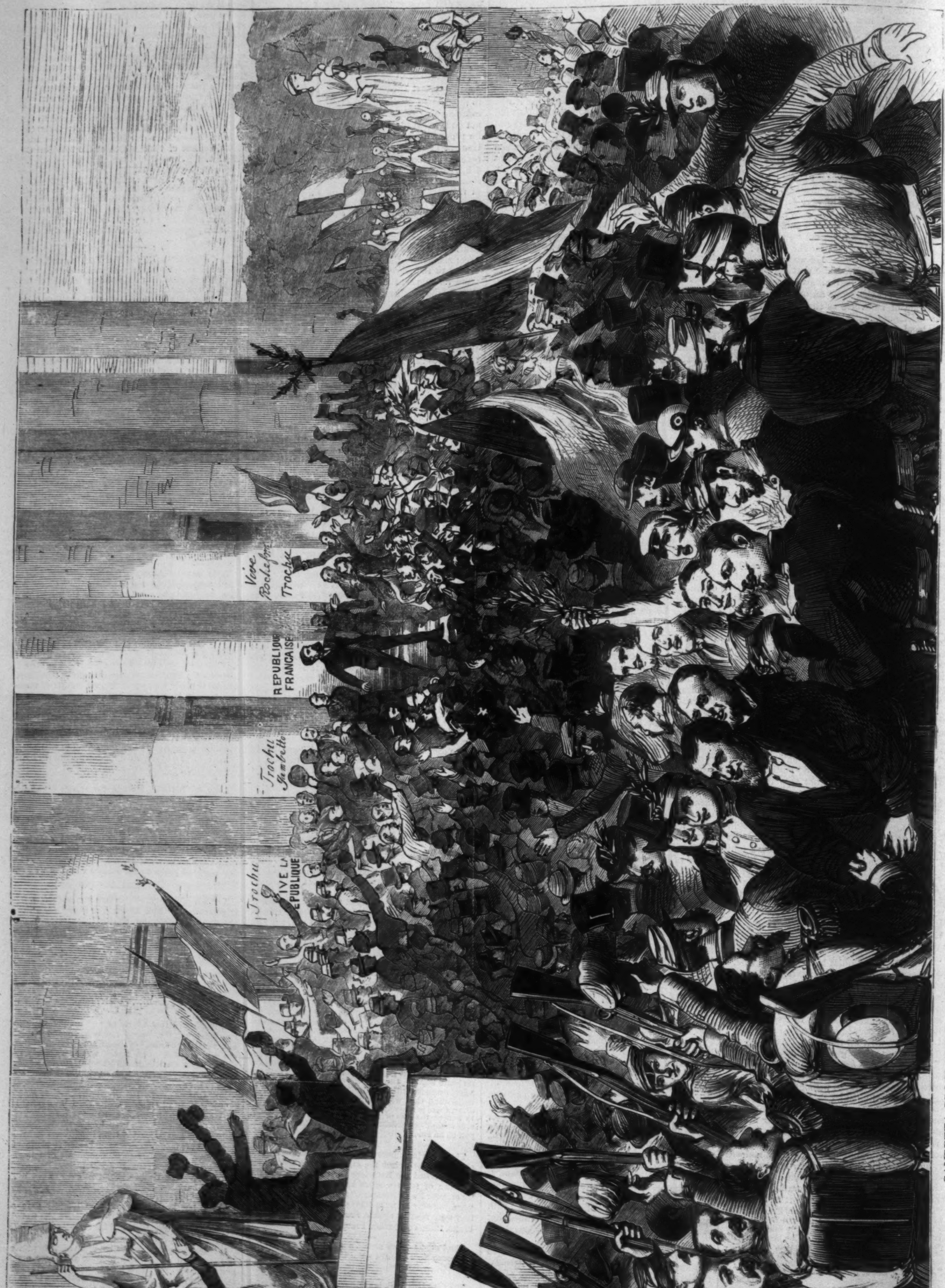
It is affirmed that a large part of the personal correspondence of the imperial family was found in some of the sixty-two trunks of the Princess Mathilde when she was arrested. She herself was immediately released, but it was the intention to obtain possession of any important papers which might have been confided to her safe-keeping.

The absence of Queen Victoria from her capital at such an important European crisis has been most severely commented upon, even by her loyal subjects. Balmoral is a day's journey from London—or rather a journey of twenty-four hours—and as the signature of the Queen is necessary to all documents of importance, every dispatch connected with the war is delayed three days. The English people do not like this way of doing business.

The Salamanca bridegroom who recently gave a forged check to the clergyman who married him would be justly served should he find his bride "worthless."

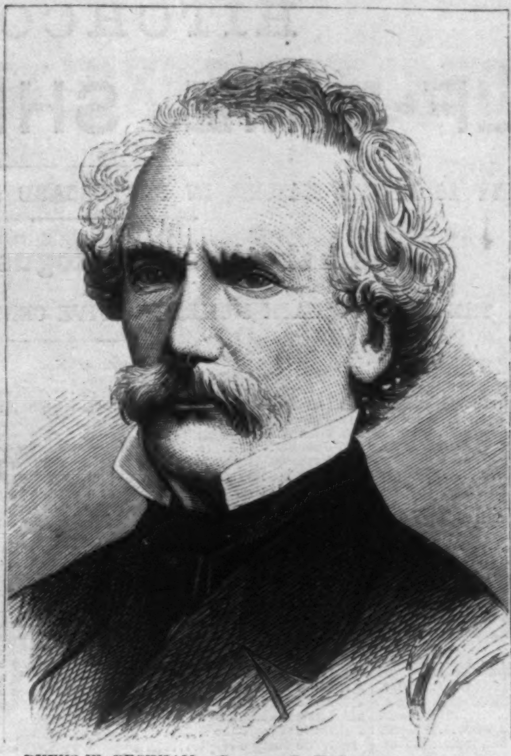
It is the thoughtful suggestion of a visitor to public hospitals that some cheap pictures would be more grateful to the eye of sick inmates than the bare plaster walls. When an invalid is confined to the bed it is a great relief to have something pleasant upon which the eye can rest. Flowers, plants, pictures, and the cheapest decorations of any kind, would be a godsend to many a weary patient.

Notes and Queries gives the origin of the phrase, "He will never set the temse on fire." It appears that the sieve used in sifting the flour at a mill is so called in Yorkshire; and it has occasionally happened that combustion has been caused by the hard and constant friction of the iron rim of the temse against the flour-barrel's rim. The word has been, oddly enough, corrupted into *Thames*, and in this country we say, "He will never set the river on fire."

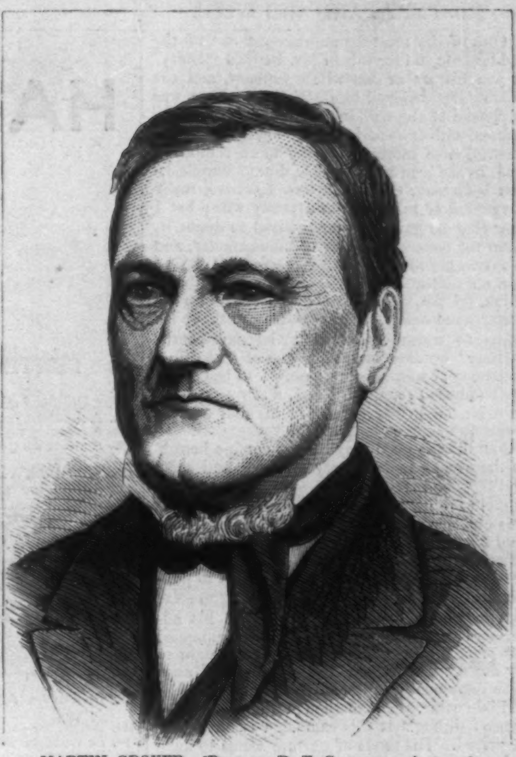


GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870, IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

WILLIAM F. ALLEN.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]



RUFUS W. PECKHAM.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]



MARTIN GROVER.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]

THE COURT OF APPEALS.

On this page we give portraits of the Judges of the new Court of Appeals, who were inducted into office on the 1st of July.

The Chief Justice, Sanford E. Church, first entered public life as a member of Assembly from Orleans County, in 1842, and was the only member of the Democratic party in the House from the Eighth District. He took immediate and prominent rank as a debater, and displayed that prudence and sagacity as a politician which has characterized him since. In 1857 he was elected Comptroller of the State, and served his term of three years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention as one of the delegates at large; and at the election in June last was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, having received the largest vote cast for any member of that court. Judge Church has been a member of several of the National Conventions of the Democratic party; and at the National Convention held at Tammany Hall, in 1868, received the vote of the New York delegation for the Presidency.

Mr. Justice William F. Allen has filled various public positions. In 1843 and 1844 he represented Oswego County in the Assembly. In 1847 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, and was re-elected in 1855. In November, 1867, he was elected Comptroller of the State, and was the incumbent of that office at the time of his election to the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Justice Rufus W. Peckham had long held a distinguished position at the bar prior to his election to the Thirty-third Congress from the Albany district. In 1861 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, and re-elected in November, 1867, for eight years.

Mr. Justice Martin Grover was known as an able lawyer and eloquent advocate throughout the Eighth Judicial District prior to his entrance into public life, which was as a member of the Thirtieth Congress, in which he served from 1845 to 1847, where he attained high rank as a debater. In 1857 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court from the Eighth Judicial District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Mullett; and re-elected, in 1859, for the full term of eight years. As a man of strong and original intellectual force he has scarcely a superior on the bench.

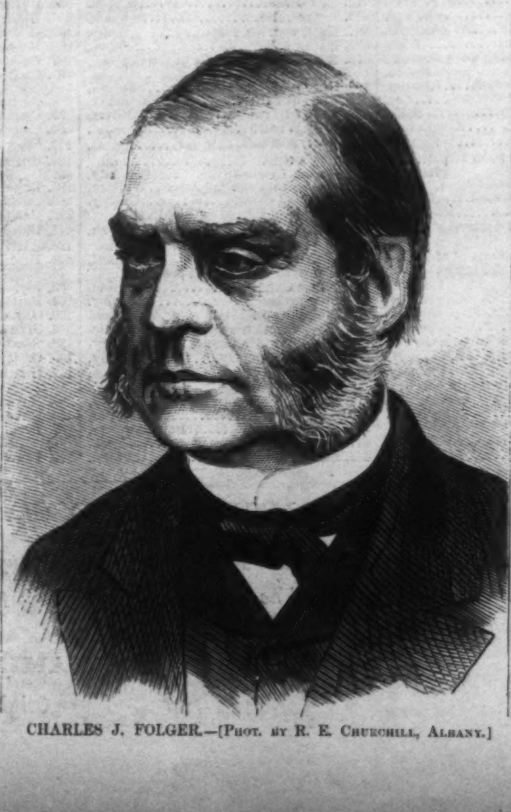
Mr. Justice Charles J. Folger, after having at a very early age won distinction at the Ontario bar, when John C. Spencer, Mark H. Sibley, Francis Granger, Alvah Worden, were at the zenith of their fame, was, in 1844, when but twenty-six years old, appointed First Judge of Ontario County, under the second Constitution; and in November, 1851, was elected to that office. In 1862 he was elected a State Senator from the Twenty-sixth District, and was re-elected in 1864, 1866, and 1868, and resigned for the purpose of accepting the office of Assistant Treasurer of the United States in this city. In the Senate he was the conceded leader of the Republican party—a position to which he was entitled by the soundness of his judgment, his admirable executive ability, and his readiness and power in debate. His personal popularity is sufficiently attested by the fact that his vote for Associate Justice was largely in excess of that of any of the candidates on the Republican ticket.

Mr. Justice Charles A. Rapallo, although a young member of the bar, is, for the first time, the occupant of high official station. He is known as one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and has appeared as leading counsel in several cases involving a larger amount of money than has ever been brought into our higher courts for adjudication.

Mr. Justice Charles Andrews, of Syracuse, appears also for the first time in a public capacity, with the exception of having been a member of the last Constitutional Convention. In Central New York he has occupied a prominent position at the bar, and socially is held in high esteem.

SANFORD E. CHURCH.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]

CHARLES A. RAPALLO.—[Phot. by Rockwood, New York.]



CHARLES J. FOLGER.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]

CHARLES ANDREWS.—[Phot. by R. E. Churchill, Albany.]

Mr. Pepys and His Wife.

One of the most humorous—yet one of the saddest—of the records in Mr. Pepys's "Diary" is the history of his wife's jealousy, and the trouble it occasioned him. Never, perhaps, was a picture of the working of that dread passion painted with more perfect skill—never was a demonstration of morbid anatomy more complete; and, as we read it, the whole drama unrolls itself before our eyes. He was, I believe, really very fond of his young and pretty wife; but I fear that he gave her some reason to doubt it, from the natural gallantry of his character, and his devotion to *le beau sexe*, one and all. Like Mr. Snevellicci, he "loved 'em all, Sir:" but I think, on the whole, Mrs. Pepys paid him off pretty handsomely. She contrived to make his home so warm that toward the end of the "Diary" we find him, after one of these little matrimonial tournaments, going "to bed weeping to himself for grief;" and, a few pages on, he cries out in the anguish of his soul that he "can no longer endure this life."

Nor did his good lady always confine herself to the usual female armory of snarls and sulks and sighs and tears. Upon one occasion she declined to retire to rest at the usual hour, and he was obliged to leave her sitting up. But, happening to wake about 1 A.M., he found her approaching his side of the bed, "with the tongs red-hot at the ends, as if she did design to punish me with them;" evidently intending to seize him by the nose, as St. Dunstan did his adversary! Upon this Mr. Pepys prudently skipped out of bed, and induced the fair combatant to lay down her arms; but I think he must always have felt some little uneasiness afterward when bedtime came. The method in which he carried himself throughout this campaign is admirably described. His mode of warfare seems to have been to soothe her at the time, and, some twenty-four hours afterward, to pick a quarrel with her about something else, and then rap her well over the knuckles—a mode of procedure which I think I have observed elsewhere. But, altogether, she appears to have pretty much carried her point, and made him feel, if not see, the error of his ways. Sometimes, unhappily, when he had been chastised into repentance, and all was smooth, the actress, Mrs. Knipp, who was the chief apple of discord, would by evil fortune wink at him in the middle of the play, and as Mrs. Pepys sat watching *him* instead of the stage, his answering smile would be at once detected, and hostilities would recommence with redoubled violence.

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SENTIMENTAL.

No. — Author.

301. A Highland minstrel boy.J. Barnett.
204. A hundred years ago......Waverly.
294. A place in thy memory......Smith.
385. A sweet song bird was singing, W. F. Taylor.
76. After Dark..................Stewart.
202. Against the Stream.........H. Fase.
217. Allan Water.............C. E. Horn.
269. All that's bright must fade, Stevenson.
259. All's Well..................Braham.
206. Annie Laurie................Scotch.
343. Angels Whisper...............Lover.
368. Annie o' the banks o' Dee...Glover.
257. Araby's Daughter........Kiallmark.
302. Away, away we bound.......Drake.
306. Banks o' the Blue Moselle.Rodwell.
32. Beautiful Bells............Waverly.
95. Beautiful Hope.................Bard.
347. Beautiful spirit, spirit of love, W. F. Taylor.
231. Believe me if all those endearing young charms.........Stevenson.
244. Bessie, the sailor's wife....Hodson.
64. Be Watchful and beware....Glover.
242. Bird of Liberty..............Holden.
227. Birks of Aberfeldy..........
280. Black-eyed Susan............
271. Blighted love......R. S. Camaroth.
310. Bloom is on the Rye........Bishop.
42. Blue Eyes....................Molloy.
365. Bonnie Doon.............Kotzeluch.
376. Boys of Switzerland........Bishop.
163. Breathe soft and low.......Millard.
240. Bride, the....................Nelson.
124. Bridal ring..................Rodwell.
373. Brookside, the..................Hine.
185. By-gone days..............Raymond.
272. By the sad sea waves.....Benedict.
265. Butterfly's Choice...........A. Lee.
50. Call me thine own..........L'Eclair.
378. Calmly the day is dying.....Linley.
215. Canadian Boat Song..........Moore.
233. Carrier Pigeon...............Moran.
85. Castles in the air...........Adams.
94. Cavalier, the..................Glover.
191. Charity.......................... "
406. Child of the West..........Hodson.
430. Claudine lived contented...Shields.
389. Come, dwell with me...........Lee.
422. Come in and shut the door.Calcott.
12. Come hither my baby......Wiener.
267. Come, take the harp..........Moore.
144. Coming thro' the Rye.......Scotch.
432. Cracovian Maid.............Guylott.
326. Cushlamachree..............Stadler.
367. Cypress Wreath.........Wiesenthal.
13. Danish Boy's Whistle........Graff.
162. Dawn of Day................Millard.
69. Day and night I thought of thee, Shrivall.
255. Deep in my soul............Nelson.
375. Dreams of the heart......G. Linley.
175. Eily Mavourneen..........Benedict.
336. Erin is my home.........Moscheles.
415. Ever be happy...............Balfe.
236. Ever of Thee....................Hall.
222. Evening Gun..................Moore.
232. Fairy Boy.......................Lover.
74. Fairies' Well..............Waverly.
247. Fair Rosabelle..................Lutz.
374. Farewell, Jeannie..........Blamphin.
54. Five o'clock in the morning.Claribel.
477. Flow on, thou shining river, Stevenson.
263. Flowers of the Forest...Kotzeluch.
213. Forget not your Kathleen.S.W.New.
166. Fortune Teller.................Pratt.
423. Forsaken, the..........V. Gabrielle.
427. Florence....................Jefferys.
218. Gaily through life............Linley.
410. Glide to the sea.........M. B. Ladd.
390. Go, forget me................Mozart.
6. Good-bye, sweetheart......Hatton.
425. Gondoletta.................Waverly.
200. Good-night, my dearest......Moore.
107. Good-Night..................Flowers.
414. Grecian Daughter, the..J. P. Knight.
298. Had I a boat...............J. Rogers.
381. Half-mast high..............Claribel.
372. Harper's Song, the......Wiesenthal.
178. Harp of Tara's Hall............Irish.
290. Has sorrow thy young days shaded? Moore.
189. He never said he loved.....Hodson.
249. Health to Bonny Scotland......Lee.
123. Heart bowed down............Balfe.
131. Heaven and Thee.......Guglielmo.
180. Her bright smile..........Wrighton.
229. Here we meet too soon to part, Rossini.
275. Hey, the bonnie breast-knot,
16. His love shines over all.....Forbes.
201. Home Music...............Raymond.
273. Hope from sorrow takes the sting, Lutz.
237. Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue.Lee.
142. I can not sing the old songs, Claribel.
101. I have a rose............Carrington.
421. I knew a Sicilian Maid...J. Barnett.
394. I love but thee......P. Cianchettini.
315. I love the merry sunshine.S. Glover.
281. I will love thee to the last, Montgomery.
36. I will not ask to press that cheek, Gabrielle.
224. I'd be a butterfly.............Bayly.
418. I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
338. I'm wearin' awa', Jean......Bishop.
127. In happy moments.........Wallace.
391. Ingle side, the..........Wiesenthal.
128. It ought not thus to be...........Abt.
342. Isle of Beauty............Whitmore.
141. Janet's choice..............Claribel.
183. John Anderson, my Jo......Scotch.
97. Juanita.......................Norton.
412. Kathleen Aroon..............F. Abt.
360. Katy Darling..................Bellini.
170. Katy's Letter...............Dufferin.
199. Kelvin Grove..................Scotch.
210. Killarney........................Balfe.
55. Lady Mine....................Waverly.
369. Land of the West..............Lover.
188. Lass o' Gowrie................Scotch.
287. Last link is broken..........Clifton.
239. Last rose of Summer........
78. Larboard Watch...........Williams.
49. Le Sabre de mon pere...Offenbach.
34. Life Boat....................Claribel.
341. Light of other days............Balfe.
33. Light of the World.........Hatton.
434. Like a flower..............Wrighton.
417. Lillie Lee......................Glover.
117. Little Bird, little bird......Claribel.
348. Little Diamond Dewdrop.Blamphin.
354. Little Gipsy Jane...........Glover.
14. Little Maggie May........Blamphin.
212. Little Nell......................Linley.
403. Lizzie Lindsay..........Robertson.
122. Love light in your eye...Sedgwick.
195. Love in a Cottage............Smith.
258. Love is the theme.............Tully.
312. Love not.....................Blockley.
323. Love thee, dearest............Viotti.
230. Love was once a little boy....
80. Maggie Morgan..............Scotch.
15. Maggie's secret.............Claribel.
214. Maid of Athens..........Kiallmark.
383. March of the Cameron Men, the.
79. Mary of Argyle...............
384. Mary of Castle Cary.........McNeil.
197. Marian Ramsay..........Raymond.
405. Marion's Song...............Claribel.
250. Mary, I believed thee true...Moore.
225. Marseilles Hymn..........De Lisle.
262. Meeting of the waters...Stevenson.
286. Meet me by moonlight..J. A. Wade.
60. Meet me in the lane.....Blamphin.
370. Melodies of many lands.....Glover.
151. Memory of early days.......Tetsch.
266. Minstrel Boy..................Moore.
98. Molly Bawn....................Lover.
161. Monks of old.................Millard.
45. Moonlit sea....................Prout.
153. Motto for every man.......Hobson.
392. My ain fireside...............
71. My angel..................Guglielmo.
428. My Blue-Eyed Nellie.....Blamphin.
311. My gondola's waiting below.Hayter.
68. My mother dear..............Lover.
321. My own, my guiding star.Macfarren.
164. My own true love..........Millard.
329. Nellie.....................Blamphin.
106. Never mind the rest...........Fase.
92. Of what is the old man thinking? Knight.
240. Oft in the stilly night........Moore.
17. Old cottage clock...........Molloy.
325. Old familiar faces..........H. Fase.
285. Old house at home......E. J. Loder.
277. Old kirk yard............ "
307. Old man's home, the..Anne Fricker.
407. One careless word........Alex. Lee.
113. Only a lock of hair.........Claribel.
283. Orphan Ballad singers.......Russell.
111. O take me to thy heart again.Balfe.
104. O that I were a song..........Hine.
73. O would I were a bird....Blamphin.
318. O, ye tears...................F. Abt.
398. Oh! Banquet not...............Bishop.
300. Oh, smile again........Geo. Barker.
190. Over the summer sea.........Verdi.
226. Passed away..............Kennedy.
25. Passing Bell..................Claribel.
143. Peace of the Valley............Balfe.
253. Pensez à moi, ma chère amie.Brake.
426. Pirate's Serenade, the..J. Thornton.
293. Poor Louise..................Rodwell.
8. Praise of tears............Schubert.
52. Pretty, pretty bird........Waverly.
279. Red coats......................Scotch.
419. Regret, the......................Cook.
397. Rest, warrior, rest............Kelly.
339. Robin Adair....................Reeve.
332. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, Knight.
260. Rose of Allandale............Nelson.
19. Rose of Erin...............Benedict.
379. Rose of Tralee................Glover.
35. Rosy Wreath..............Raymond.
137. Row, brothers, row.............Saer.
335. Roy's wife.....................
110. Scotch Lassie Jean........Peabody.
86. Scenes that are brightest..Wallace.
221. Shells of Ocean..............Cherry.
118. She is not fair to outward view, Sullivan.
21. She might not suit your fancy, Millard.
147. She wore a wreath of roses.Knight.
18. Silver Chimes...............Claribel.
193. Sing no sad songs.............Linley.
337. Sing me an English song.Wrighton.
119. Skipper and his Boy.....Gabrielle.
223. Smile, bonnie Lassie..........Parry.
56. Smile of Memory...........Waverly.
102. Smiles and tears......Clippingdale.
146. Spanish Muleteer...........Millard.
371. Something to love me........Bayly.
246. So lonely.....................Butler.
330. Spell is broken.......Bellchambers.
411. Spring time is come...........Nash.
424. Star of home................German.
319. Star of love.....................Bacon.
220. Star-Spangled Banner........
24. Still I love thee..............Dobson.
140. Strangers yet................Claribel.
37. Susan's Story...............Claribel.
56. Sweetheart......................Balfe.
186. Sweet Flower..............Blamphin.
207. Sweet Robin...................Scotch.
203. Sweeter than the Breath....Nelson.
284. Switzer's song of Home..Moscheles.
385. Sweet song bird was singing, W. F. Taylor.
26. Take back the heart........Claribel.
303. Teach me to forget...........Bishop.
116. Then you'll remember me....Balfe.
134. There was a simple maiden, Macfarren.
28. There's a charm in spring..Hullah.
304. There is a flower...........Wallace.
289. There's not a joy.............Hause.
334. There's not a look........Stevenson.
148. 'Tis hard to give the hand...Glover.
174. The Troubadour..............Bayly.
345. These things can never die.....Fase.
105. This world is full of beauty.Waverly.
295. They bid me forget thee.....
288. Those flaxen locks......Kiallmark.
393. Those happy days are gone.Lavenu.
216. Thou art gone from my gaze.Linley.
297. To-day, dearest, is ours......Moore.
353. Three fishers went sailing..Hullah.
399. Trumpet and Drum.........Rossini.
355. Tubal Cain....................Russell.
243. Twilight Dews...............
386. Voice of her I love...........Parry.
401. Wait for the turn of the tide.Clifton.
172. Wake, darling, wake.......Willson.
357. Watcher, the................Lardner.
387. Wha'll be king but Charlie?.Scotch.
238. What need have I the truth to tell? Claribel.
358. What will you do, love?......Lover.
3. We'd better bide a wee....Claribel.
359. We have lived and loved together, Herz.
413. We may be happy yet.........Balfe.
292. We meet by chance.........Kucken.
366. We met.........................Bayly.
208. When love is kind............Bishop.
388. When stars are in the quiet ski..........................Ball.
115. When the swallows homeward fly...............................Abt.
205. When ye gang awa...........Scotch.
154. Where is my sister dear?....Linley.
63. Where there's a will...........Saer.
364. Whistle and I'll come to you.Bruce.
103. White-blossomed tree....Musgrave.
51. Why wandering here?......Nathan.
171. Wilt thou not smile upon me? Millard.
241. Wilt thou say farewell, love?.Moore.
382. Wind thy horn, my hunter boy, Bishop.
362. Will you love me then as now? "
314. Wings of a Dove.........Devereaux.
145. Within a mile of Edinboro..Scotch.
2. Won't you tell me why, Robin? Claribel.
138. Would you be young again, Clippingdale.
400. Yankee Doodle.............
114. You and I.....................Claribel.

COMIC.

153. A Motto for every man.....Hobson.
344. All among the Hay.....J. Williams.
256. Annette's Granny Dear......Bayly.
363. An old man would be wooing.Candy.
75. Bachelors' Hall.............Culver.
67. Barney O'Hea..................Lover.
77. Bashful young lady.........Glover.
340. Beauty and Time..............Lover.
84. Bell goes ringing for Sairah..Hunt.
40. Belles of Broadway......Raymond.
408. Better late than never.....Blockley.
65. Boston Belles..............Raymond.
56. Bootblack's Song...........Waverly.
320. Bother the Fashion..........Butler.
187. Bother the Men.............Walker.
409. Bowld Sojer Boy..............Lover.
316. Broken Down...............Sinclair.
157. Bulls and Bears................Pratt.
331. Cackle, cackle, cackle......Bagnell.
136. Call her back and kiss her..Clifton.
1. Captain Jenks...........Maclagan.
99. Champagne Charlie.............Lee.
66. Chestnut-Street Belles...Raymond.
179. Clown in the Pantomime.....Pratt.
194. Cruiskeen Lawn...........Benedict.
351. Da, da..........................Lloyd.
183. Dancing Darkey..........Moesleim.
168. Dancing Fairy...............Waverly.
228. Dashing White Sergeant....Bishop.
211. Dutchman's leetle wee dog.. "
198. Early in the morning..........Mac.
342. Fascinating Swell.........Van Hess.
70. Fidgety Wife..................Covert.
39. Flying Trapeze............Raymond.
62. Foreign Count.................Lloyd.
160. Gay Cavalier.................Millard.
346. Give a man a chance....Batchelder.
159. Good-bye, John................Pratt.
100. Go it while you're young..Waverly.
132. Hamlet Prince of Denmark, Raymond.
324. Have patience till to-morrow..Fase.
149. Have you seen her lately?....Tute.
7. I really don't think I shall marry, Gabrielle.
209. I saw Esau....................Davies.
396. I will stand by my friend..Bicknell.
150. I'll ask my mother........Earnshaw.
352. I'll tell nobody............ "
96. I'm not myself at all..........Lover.
192. I'm o'er young to marry.........Lee.
181. Irish Hussar................Raymond.
404. It's not the miles we travel.Clifton.
361. Jemima Brown..................Candy.
177. Jog along, boys................Nash.
90. Ka-foozle-um.................Stewart.
395. Kate Kearney....................Irish.
84. Kitty Tyrrell..................Glover.
61. Lancashire Lass...........Raymond.
196. Laugh while you can..... "
234. Live in my heart...............Lover.
230. Love was once a little boy...
291. Merriest girl that's out......Minasi.
176. Matrimonial Sweets.......Freeman.
254. My Daughter Fan...........Blewitt.
278. My Son, Tom..................Bayly.
153. Motto for every man........Hobson.
158. Nellie just over the way....Millard.
402. Norah McShane.............Blewitt.
5. Not for Joseph................Lloyd.
89. Nothing else to do..........Hatton.
72. Oh, you pretty blue-eyed witch, Taylor.
126. Old Simon, the Cellarer.....Hatton.
356. One good turn deserves another, Edw'd Rankine.
87. Paddle your own Canoe...Hobson.
305. Pretty girl milking her cow...Irish.
282. Pretty Jemima.............Belmont.
22. Riding down Broadway..Andrews.
350. Rolling home in the morning, Egerton.
155. Romeo and Juliet.........Raymond.
91. Sally, Sally.....................Lover.
167. Sports at Fire Island.....Raymond.
82. School of jolly dogs.......Copeland.
225. Tapping at the garden gate.
328. The way to be happy.......Clifton.
53. Those tassels on the boots, Raymond.
108. Tommy Dodd............ "
165. Tommy Noodle...............Steele.
29. Up in a balloon...........Raymond.
43. Velocipede Johnny.........Leander.
81. Willie went a wooing....Raymond.
296. Why don't the men propose? Blewitt.
251. Widow Machree..............Lover.
276. Widow Mahoney............Blewitt.
23. Waltzing down at Long Branch, Andrews.
63. Where there's a will there's a way, Saer.
401. Wait for the turn of the tide.Clifton.

SACRED.

327. A Night Hymn............J. Daniel.
95. Beautiful Hope.................Bard.
309. Ere this vast world was made, Bassford.
235. Eve's Lamentation.............King.
274. I love to hear my Savior's voice, Glover.
308. In God we trust.............
152. Jerusalem, the Golden......Walker.
25. Passing Bell................Claribel.

INSTRUMENTAL.

20. Arm in arm. (Polka Mazurka.) Strauss.
135. Blue-Bird Polka.............Rogers.
182. Canary Waltz.........Breckenridge.
261. Cape May Schottische......Rogers.
93. Continental Schottische.... "
88. Crescent City March.......... "
120. Drawing-Room Schottische, Douglass.
109. Dancing Shadow............Rogers.
130. Emma Mazurka............ "
264. Euterpe Polka.........J. B. Taylor.
125. Fairies' Frolic.............Sedgwick.
333. Forest-Fairy Polka..........Rogers.
11. Genevieve Waltz............Wiener.
41. Gems from Orphee. Violin and Piano....................Raymond.
42. Gens d'Armes duett. Violin and Piano....................Raymond.
313. Go-ahead Galop.......A. S. Winkler.
99. Guadalina Waltz.........Offenbach.
380. Half-Dime Schottische....Winkler.
47. Home, Sweet Home.......Richards.
31. Ixion Galop...................Aeolus.
129. March of the silver trumpets.Viviani.
112. Mary Emma Polka..........Rogers.
59. Mabel Waltz..................Irving.
184. Maud Waltz.................Laurent.
248. Myrtle Schottische....Wm. Millard.
252. Nellie Waltz...............Denhoff.
30. Olympic Schottische.......Dobson.
270. Pic-nic Polka.................Rogers.
46. Perichole's Letter.........Offenbach.
38. Power of love..................Wade.
349. Prairie-Rose Waltz.........Winkler.
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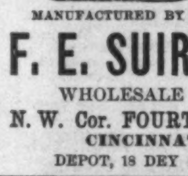

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